

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The announcement made elsewhere in this issue that SATURDAY NIGHT's Christmas Number has been completed and is being offered for sale, suggests that it might be interesting to the tens of thousands of readers of that holiday number to know something about the preparation of such expensive and elaborate publications.

The Number just issued, and which is being offered by the newsdealers and newsboys everywhere in the Dominion, was begun between Christmas and New Year's of last year, and preparations for the Christmas Number of 1897 are already under way. During last winter Mr. Kelly, who has greatly distinguished himself by his last two pictures, The Landing of Champlain and The Battle of Queenston Heights, both made for SATURDAY NIGHT, is a young Canadian artist whose position is now an enviable one for a man of his age. His particular facility in preparing pictures for lithography makes him invaluable to the lithographing company with which he is connected, and whose work is now as good as that of any firm in the world. Until two years ago the editor of the Christmas Number had his premium pictures made in Berlin, New York, Paris and Nottingham. It is a credit to Canadian enterprise that no country now rivals Canada in Christmas productions. SATURDAY NIGHT has afforded an opportunity for artists and lithographers to exercise their skill, and the day is past when our own people are likely to be passed over when an artistic thing for home use is to be produced. Yet it takes a great deal of time and a large amount of money to prepare such a picture. The artist must not only spend a considerable period in the locality which is to be depicted, but he must spend weeks in studying the historical aspect of the event which is to be pictured, and then months follow during which his work is being transferred to the lithographic stones. It takes a long time to print fourteen colors, and these are all piled upon one another in the picture of The Battle of Queenston Heights, which is the premium this year.

The cover is also a matter of a great deal of study and expense. This year the chief figure on the cover is taken from a posing had by the foremost photographer of London, Eng., with a new camera which is said to be a marvelous improvement upon the old one. The beautiful face and form of the one who posed for the Spirit of Christmas, oddly enough were photographed upside down, and all the draperies had to be re-painted, so that they would not appear to sag, as of course draperies will do with their own weight when not sustained by a current of air. Several artists attempted to reproduce the photograph, but without success, and the cover as it appears is the result of days of consultation and the work of a number of distinguished colorists, but it also comes as it is on the cover from the brush of Mr. Kelly. The picture of the Foresters' Temple, which is an advertisement, it would surprise many people to know, took weeks of patient labor, and it is one of the finest elaborations of an architect's design which has ever appeared anywhere, and it will make its appearance in many other sizes and colors until the Temple will doubtless be one of the best known buildings in America.

While the colored portion of the work is exceedingly expensive and difficult, the literary part of it and the illustration of the stories absorb considerable time and judgment of the editor for a good many weeks. When SATURDAY NIGHT began issuing Christmas Numbers it could not obtain in Canada either writers or illustrators sufficiently capable, attractive or well known to complete the book and give it variety. For example, one year four different writers in the United States and England were paid a hundred and fifty dollars apiece for stories, and the illustration of them cost as much more. The engraving was done in New York, but now equally good stories are procurable from our own people, and though the price per story is much less, the matter is quite as good. The illustrations, too, are now made at home, and those of Mrs. J. E. Elliott and others in the current number mark the great progress of the art in Canada.

The chief difficulty the editor of such a publication has to face is, that Great Britain, France and every other country send Christmas numbers here, which are admitted free of duty, and though they have a clientele numbering millions, SATURDAY NIGHT has a limited sphere and yet must furnish as good premium pictures and as attractive a book or else fail to dispose of its edition. After all the plates, stories and illustrations are prepared, the publication of a large issue is only a matter of paper and press work. The illustration costs as much for ten readers as for ten thousand; the story costs as much for ten thousand as for a hundred thousand, and the preparation of a premium plate costs just the same for a hundred thousand as for a million. In the face of all these difficulties SATURDAY NIGHT has succeeded in issuing a prosperous Christmas Number for nine years. It is alone in the Canadian field, and it has also been able to furnish Christmas Numbers for Australasia. This year the paper, ink, pictures and stories,

except the one by the Marquis of Lorne, are the products of Canadian enterprise and industry. Not a thing has been imported, except a few illustrations, and it deserves to be sent by Canadians to all their friends in the United States, Great Britain and Europe as a sample of what Canadians can do and are doing. Three Christmas publications in London found it necessary to abandon the Christmas business because their wares were not attractive, yet right here in Canada we can produce, and are producing, a Christmas souvenir that is not outvalued anywhere in the world. That it costs a great deal more than it directly returns to its publishers is immaterial; it is a magnificent advertisement for SATURDAY NIGHT, which, with the exception of one daily paper, which is the oldest in the city, is now the best known journal issued in the Dominion.

It is very seldom that SATURDAY NIGHT uses any of its space to speak well of itself, but it would be a very wearying thing to find Canadians so obviously forgetful of the one journal that has always paid its contributors, has been the leader in every enterprise to encourage Canadian artists and literary people, as they sometimes are when they are discussing "What is literature?" and "Have we a nucleus of an art distinctly our own?" We in Canada, most

not make such an enterprise successful. Upon them we rely for encouragement. Don.

The man who has no nonsense about him and who thinks he is an Advanced Person, has a great contempt for the honor of knighthood. He cannot speak patiently on the subject. "What good does it do a man?" he cries. "Does it make him any wiser? Does it really make him better in any way? I tell you it is rubbish." There are a great many Canadians who talk in this way—city people, town people and tillers of the soil. Knighthood is not at all favored in this country, and the newspapers say that a public man weakens his influence if he allows "Sir" to be prefixed to his name. Yet I have observed that those who are more particularly hostile to knighthood stand in no immediate personal danger of being knighted. They protest against it on principle, you understand, and not for selfish reasons. As a rule those who stand any chance of preferment in this way seem unaware that knighthood weakens a public man's influence and is all nonsense at the best. This must be set down as peculiar. It somewhat resembles the abhorrence of usury which stirs the righteous soul of the borrower, while the lender feels quite differently. It is like the difference of opinion in regard to the accumulation of wealth—the man who at fifty years of age has

empire. His refusal of knighthood would strengthen this misapprehension. He is French, and the first French Premier of the Dominion, and the people of his race have had in Mercier at least one leader who favored severance from Great Britain and the founding of a French republic on the St. Lawrence. His refusal of knighthood would suggest that there was truth in the campaign rumor that Laurier nursed views in common with the late Mr. Mercier. But more than all, Mr. Laurier is incapable of an act so ungracious and a diplomatic indiscretion so grave as the refusal of an honor at the hands of the Queen and her advisers, at the very threshold of an administrative period in which business of great consequence must be transacted between Ottawa and the Colonial office in London. His instinct may be trusted. Pacific cable and fast Atlantic subsidies are to be discussed; the cattle embargo and the copyright is to be adjusted; Mr. Chamberlain's Zollverein is to bud into foliage and bloom—never have so many matters of consequence grouped together, and Mr. Laurier's gifts of diplomacy are to be tested. He cannot open with so palpable a blunder as the refusal of knighthood merely to please the No-nonsense folks among us. Harm would be done in other quarters much more important to his career, and those who are protesting should remember that a prime minister is not situated like an

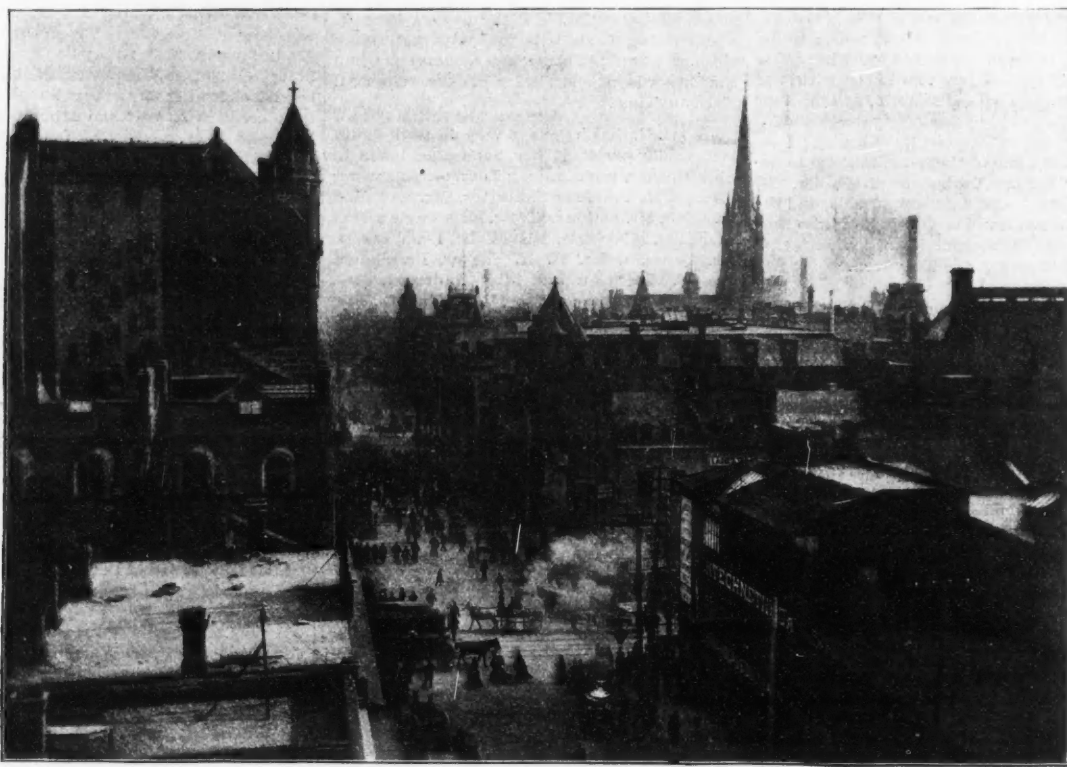
pardonable in its taste, but there was crass ignorance in it. The Queen who was to have been praised in song was the Queen of Scotland, and the diners professed to be of Scotch descent celebrating Scotland's night. The thrones of Scotland and England were united when the Scotch King went down and ascended the southern throne, and although the direct succession of the Stuart family was broken for cause, the Scotch people, directly and indirectly, played their part in that change. Queen Victoria is the Queen of Scotland, and the failure of these diners to realize it was on their part an abandonment of a principle very dear to Scotch sentiment, for Scotland thanks no one who assumes that Scotia was pulled by the ears into union with England as was Ireland. But even Irish agitators have admitted Victoria as the Queen of Ireland, while asserting the right of separate and free government. Why should these people honor St. Andrew? He was not an American. Why do they not raise a saint of their own, these very peculiar Scots? People who repudiate the Queens, the good manners and the common sense of the old lands, should be equal to the task of devising saints of their own.

It is amusing to read in the despatch referred to the interesting statement that the "British and American anthems are both sung to the same German air." The fact is that it was only recently discovered that the air was of German, or rather of Swiss, origin, so far as it can be traced, but the fact has long been pretty well established that the American "hymn" is a cheap plagiarism from the British anthem, which was sung by millions of people for many years before an American genius parodied it. Had the Scots at Delmonico's cared to be Scotch rather than Jonathan Jingoos, the opportunity was afforded them, for instead of mingling the two anthems in rivalry they might have gone beyond both these modern versions and sung the old Scotch Jacobite song which is supposed to have introduced the air into Great Britain nearly two centuries ago.

In one of the departmental stores in Toronto one day last week an incident occurred which was full of homely tragedy yet adorned with some of the finest traits in human nature. The store was crowded with people, when a sensation was caused by a small cash boy suddenly falling over in a faint. A physician who happened to be present made an examination and reported that the lad's stomach was absolutely empty, and that he had probably fainted of hunger. When he revived, the lad was cross-questioned and confessed that he had eaten nothing since breakfast of the previous day, that there was nothing at home to eat, and that his small salary was the only money coming in to buy food, fuel and clothing for a family of eight. The clerk at once raised \$1.50, secured permission for the lad to absent himself for the day, gave him a car-ticket and told him to go home. The boy was delighted and said, "Now I'll take home some milk for baby," and away he went, big with purpose and power to act.

The boy who could uncomplainingly bear up against hunger until he fell over in a faint, and when given money by his associates thought first of "milk for baby," has in him the makings of a splendid man. There are among beggars, born actors who could talk about "milk for baby," but such people do not bear, up against hunger as this boy did. We do not know what is going on in this city of Toronto, and in other towns, in the way of silent tragedies. We are familiar enough with the talkative person who appeals for assistance, but often the man who is approached by a whimpering beggar is worse off than the one soliciting alms. A man may "smile and smile and be a villain," and also he may smile and smile and be very hungry. He may smile and yet not know just how he can get coal into his home for to-morrow's fire, and I begin to fancy there is a great deal more of this among the people we meet every day than we, in our thoughtlessness, suppose. A few weeks ago a commercial traveler's body was found in the Toronto bay, and a note which he had sent to a friend before he went to his death, explained that he could not get along in the world and did not wish to continue a burden to himself and others. This man was a particularly jolly fellow. Friends of mine who knew him well, tell me that he was the last man in the world of whom suicide would be expected; that he never said a word to one of them about his affairs looking blue or that he was at all short of money. As he went about in his cheery way, no doubt he was daily accosted with the grumbling complaints of friends whose troubles were nothing as compared with his own. He appears to have been the sort of man who, when rubbed against, transmitted courage to others. He hugged his own tragedy within himself, and only admitted it in a posthumous letter to a friend. At school there are children who cry for a scratch, and others who clench their teeth and make no sound under severest pain, and in adult life there are the same two classes.

Some men seem to draw, by a subtle quality, others to them with their tales of woe. They are beset all through life by whimpering fellow-creatures, and they never own up that they



View from the Upper Windows of "Saturday Night" Office.

Showing Adelaide Street East, with Yonge Street intersecting it in the foreground. The photograph was taken during the interesting test of the Toronto Fire Department on the big Freehold Loan Building, and shows the crowd of people at the corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets.

distinctly, have artists and writer who are quite able to keep up their end with those of every other country, but unfortunately they are tempted by the superior facilities of other countries to wander away from our shores. Without the slightest fear of contradiction SATURDAY NIGHT can say that it has developed more successful literary people and artists than all the other Canadian papers combined, and proof that its efforts are appreciated can be found in the success of its regular edition and the enormous popularity of its Christmas Number. That it has no rival in its special field is because no rival could exist for a year. That it has many imitators, both as to the matter which appears in its columns and the illustrations which are a most attractive feature, is a tribute to its originality and popularity. It began when there was no Canadian magazine; when there were no pictures in any of the newspapers; when social news was not published by any of its contemporaries; when its distinctive points were ridiculed by those who are now crowding one another in efforts to publish what they once laughed at. It is not too much to ask once in nine or ten years that the public consider what SATURDAY NIGHT has done for its particular phase of journalism in Canada. It should not be too much to ask once a year that the people of this country buy and send to their friends the excellent exhibit we have made in the art of printing and the publication of pictures. A newspaper makes no friends and gets no honor by continually blowing its own horn, but unless attention is occasionally called to these things, sometimes important matters are overlooked. Certainly it is an important matter that no Canadian should fail to encourage the publication of historical paintings such as The Battle of Queenston Heights and the story of the war of 1812 as it is told by Col. G. T. Denison. Without the help of our fellow citizens we can-

nothing in his pocket but a hole, holds views on the subject quite different from those of the man worth many millions. Possibly there is no great virtue in deprecating the value of an honor which one can never attain. There may be some consolation in it, but after all, is there any high virtue called into play?

If the man who says he believes in "no nonsense" would examine his beliefs, he would probably find that he does. A is one of those No-nonsense men, yet he wears a swallow-tail coat on occasion; B, also one of them, condemns swallow-tail coats as nonsense, yet he wears a night-robe, while C, another No-nonsense man, condemns a night-robe as a fall-lal, but puts on a night-cap on retiring, and so is laughed at by D, who sleeps in the stall with his cart-horse. These people really describe as nonsense those customs with which they are not familiar. If we are going to object to knighthood, why not object also to the title of "Hon." which is conferred upon each man who gets a portfolio in the Dominion Government? The prefix "Hon." does not make a man honorable; it does not, make him any wiser, and like "Sir" it is imported from the old world system. Is not plain "Mr." good enough for this country? But why retain the prefix "Mr."? What does it mean? What is the use of it either? You see when one begins to chafe a bit of nonsense he may be led into a run all over the earth, for paths lead everywhere.

The suggestion that Mr. Laurier may be knighted with the opening of the New Year has caused talk. A little reflection will convince anyone that Wilfrid Laurier cannot refuse the honor if it is tendered him. He is the leader of a political party that has been described for years as "looking towards Washington" and opposed to the idea of consolidating the

individual on the Opposition benches. To save hedging later on, the No-nonsense Liberals should think before they speak and prepare for the inevitable.

At Delmonico's in New York on St. Andrew's night, according to a despatch in the daily papers, about three hundred alleged Scots assembled to honor the patron saint of Scotland. Ian MacLaren was the guest of the evening. On the list was a toast to the Queen, and the printed words of God Save the Queen. The alleged Scots drank the toast readily enough—for probably the wine was good—but instead of singing God Save the Queen, a large number of those present are described as singing the American hymn, My Country, 'tis of Thee, which has the same air. The despatch says:

It was a curious mix up. As the second stanza began a man near the door shouted out: "Is this America or England?" "Give us the Star Spangled Banner," cried another. A large American flag was draped on the balcony where the orchestra sat, but too far up to be within reach of those below. "Toss down Old Glory," some one called. "We'll carry it up to the platform."

Nobody obeyed this demand, which, in the interest of peace and quiet, was perhaps just as well. We are also informed that when the rival songs began to contend with each other, "Ian MacLaren's face for a moment was a picture of amazement. Then he banished all expression from it, and listened without the moving of a muscle." Ian MacLaren is by no means the first stranger who has looked amazed and then banished all expression from his countenance, while the guest of American gentlemen at social functions. There is not a city in the world outside the United States where such a boorish occurrence as the one reported would be possible, but in the cities of the Republic such exhibitions of bad manners are very frequent indeed.

The exhibition was, however, not only un-



have worries of their own quite as great as those that others cry over. The penalty of strength is that the strong man shall be clung to. That he does not whine is taken to mean that he is prosperous and happy always. The weaker ones assume that because he does not complain, therefore he has nothing to complain of; because he never says that he is tired, therefore he is never tired; because he never borrows money, therefore he always has the money he wants, and hence can lend money if he cares to; because he never speaks of pains and aches, therefore he is superhuman and will be interested to know of the pains and aches of others. Sometimes this sort of man must despise his fellows. Yet he has a splendid trust, this man whose breast is a store-house to which the weak in character may come for supplies of energy. The commercial traveler seems to have been one of these cheery, strong men, who, suddenly oppressed by the weariness and unprofitableness of the role imposed upon him, made a tragic exit.

The boy who gets some experience of hunger will all his days have this advantage over others, that he will know the value of bread. The poor boy gets a proper idea of values that the millionaire's son cannot possibly acquire. The one with ten dollars in his pocket is ready to face the world and work out a career; the other with a hundred dollars in his pocket feels that he is penniless and excluded by hard fate from the simple pleasure of an evening game of poker. One, if he is given any money at all to spend as he likes, feels that he is the luckiest boy alive; the other, unless given all he can possibly spend, feels that he is treated in a niggardly fashion. That boys come up from the shops and the fields and direct the affairs of nations, is probably largely due to the simple living and the hardships of early youth which gave them a true conception of values—values of money, food, industry, and those honors which are in the gift of the people. MACK.

#### Announcement.

SATURDAY NIGHT this week gives the first half of an original two-part story by Stanley J. Weyman. This will be concluded next week, and in the same issue will begin a thrilling three-part story by S. R. Crockett. We have secured stories by the greatest living short-story writers and will publish them in rapid succession. Most of these stories will be published complete in a single issue. We recommend them to our readers.

#### Social and Personal.

This week opened with the celebration of St. Andrew's Day in the most popular fashion, by the grand ball which every other year chases the pout from the face of the fair which the alternating dinner in honor of the Scottish saint always calls up. "Who wants a dinner that we can't go to?" demands the dancing fairy on ball night. A ball that "we" can go to was the Mecca of many a pilgrim through the freezing, starlit night last Monday. From an early hour the line of hacks, coupes, broughams and carriages trailed up the west drive, discharged their airy freight and rattled out on Gerrard street. Toronto is growing a big place, for though everyone appeared to be at the ball, I have been surprised since to remember how many were not there. The Pavilion was just properly crowded, and not uncomfortably so, by the time the skirl of the pipes split the air, and five abreast the brave pipers played the grand *entrée* for the Government House party, the president, vice-president, and those adorably good-looking men who command the 18th, with a smart party of ladies in stunning gowns to take the shine off the kilts and cairngorms and plaids if they could. Up they marched in fine array to the reception dais, and a handsome group they were as they ranged themselves thereon. A woman near by scrutinized them for a moment and then with a nod remarked, "Big sleeves are gone! I told you so, but now you see!" Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a rich black gown, with much jet and lace, and her fine arms and shoulders gleamed snowy under the glittering festoons of jet which hung from modish straps of velvet by way of sleeves. Miss Kirkpatrick was in canary color, a very smart and becoming gown, and her little butterfly sleeves were very *chic* and pretty. Mrs. Cassels wore white silk, a soft and clinging gown that admirably suited her graceful figure. Many of the girls and a few of the matrons wore tartan scarfs, Miss Annie Michie's being very coquettishly arranged. The brides were there in force, though not all in bridal array. Mrs. McCulloch wore a pale blue frock in which she looks a picture; Mrs. John Laidlaw (nee Gunther) was in black, with yellow bodice touched with black. The matrons were as usual in gorgeous brocades, Mrs. Gooderham of Waverley wearing a sumptuous silver gray brocade; Mrs. Beatty's gown was a delight of richness and color; Mrs. Smart's was of blue and silver brocade, looking as if diamonds were sprinkled over it; Mrs. Hardy wore an exquisite rose and white brocade and looked very well; Mrs. Davidson wore heliotrope brocade, with very handsome lace and diamonds; Mrs. James Crowther was a dainty dame in white silk, brocaded in quaint little stripes of tiny red and green flowers, and rose-colored velvet *berthe* and belt, a regular French frock; Mrs. Kerr Osborne wore pale blue satin brocade, with folded bodice and *berthe* of white, shrouded in delicate pink flowers, and was by many awarded the bellefleur as soon as she entered the room; Mrs. Harry Beatty wore her wedding gown, so did Mrs. Mitchell, whose mother, Mrs. Robert Gooderham, wore one of the most beautiful brocades I ever admired, in palest blue and fine pale pink flowers in delicate sprays. As to the *debutantes*, their name was legion; ranks on ranks of snow-maidens in *tulle*, in silk, in satin, and sweet, and fair, and young in whatever gown they wore. Some were richly dressed in satin and pearls, like Miss Law; some wore simple India silk and roses that were not fresher and more pink than their own pretty cheeks. Those who "size up" a ball with practiced eye will long recall the girls who, more or less timidly, made their *entrée* at this delightful festivity. A few of the many I

noticed were: Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss May Jarvis, Miss Olive Matthews, Miss Isalen Ogden, Miss Read and the Misses Smart. A young lady who looked remarkably handsome was Miss Justina Harrison, whose clever face is bright with talent as well as charming in outline and coloring. Mrs. J. Forbes Michie wore her wedding gown and danced the various reels and other Scottish dances to perfection. Mrs. Michie does credit to her new name and suffers no whit in comparison as a Scottish dancer with her sisters-in-law, who are very finished performers in that line. Mrs. Frazer, however, heads the list, and as she danced, with her white frock held up over her dainty skirts in proper fashion, an enthusiastic old chap burst into some wonderful Gaelic approval which I am sure would be lovely to write if I knew how to write it. The supper was admirable, and Webb's effort was rewarded with a chorus of praise from old and young, who were comfortably seated, delightfully served, and found the *menu* far above what one gets at the usual ball supper. There was everything to eat and ditto to drink, and the tables, set for eight, were most cosily and elegantly arranged. The decorations were elaborate; but, then, the Pavilion needs a pile of decorating to make it look as it did last Monday evening. The only thing which occurred to me as an inconvenience was the omission of rendezvous which could be easily identified. It is only given to the elect to know by the tartan at which pillar his lady-love for the time being abides. A score of wild-eyed men might be seen before every dance chasing one bewildering white frock after another, literally from pillar to post, to secure the desired partner, who had no remembered rendezvous. However, everybody was in such good humor that no one minded little things like this; and, by the way, the music was really very fine, better than could have been expected by the most sanguine for a first flight through a long programme. Mr. Slatter is certainly doing wonders with his band, and, barring a bit of deviation in the time of the waltzes, there wasn't a thing to criticize. After supper the fun grew faster, and three o'clock did not see the finish. There were a good many pleasant strangers at this dance, and they were much sought after. Mrs. Simpson, who is visiting Mrs. King of St. George street; Miss Hyman of London, who is visiting Miss Jean Smith of Jarvis street; Miss Dollie Dench of Windsor, who is visiting Mrs. John Bruce; Miss Levy, who is with her sister, Mrs. Alfred Benjamin, were four very sweet and charming young ladies whom I regard with a certain disquiet. I am doubtful that some of them don't intend to rob us of our own. Taking it altogether, St. Andrew's ball was a complete success, and the various committees deserve all the praise they have had, and the satisfaction of knowing that they did the thing exceedingly well.

Mrs. Law gave a brilliant reception on Saturday for her daughter, who is one of this season's *debutantes*. The Commander and Mrs. Law received, assisted by Mrs. Watson, and the young daughter of the house was presented to a very large and smart company. There were several other teas on Saturday, but almost all who were invited turned up sooner or later at the large house in Sherbourne street. As generally happens on Saturday, men were free to do the conventional homage to the young lady and her chaperone, and an unusual number were at Mrs. Law's tea. How glad hostesses who desire a proper complement of men on such occasions must be that the football season is over; but curling and hockey are upon us, and everyone knows that if there is anything on earth going on as an excuse, the ordinary man (and how many of them are ordinary!) will decline to put on his "blacks" and stew in the turmoil of a crowded "tea." I rather like this attitude in the man of to-day, horrid though it is, and at all events there is nothing to be done but forgive him! Above all things is want of tact shown in sounding his praises when he does stifle his masculine impulse to be contrary, and appears valiantly gotten up to be talked to by half a dozen women at once. And yet that is just what nine out of ten people at once proceed to do. And the man solemnly vows to himself that he won't ever again be patted on the back and upheld as a model because he has faced a five-o'clock crush. On Saturday there were, however, dozens of men, and a very jolly and delightful tea was enjoyed. The soft, subdued music of D'Alcandro's harpers mingled with the chatter, and in the spacious dining-room a constantly changing crowd much enjoyed the dainty refreshments. A feature of the *salon* is many well executed water-colors from the brush of the versatile master of the house, portraying various scenes in his life in service afloat, and other more peaceful and easily recognized of witching Muskoka, where the family usually spend the summer.

Mrs. Cartwright, who has not been quite well lately, has gone to her home in Kingston for change of air. She will probably remain until after the Christmas holidays. A very sweet and dainty little lady who adorns Toronto social gatherings this season is Miss Thompson, daughter of Lady Thompson of Derwent Lodge. Everyone is charmed with her. Mrs. Charles Tuttle of Orillia and Miss Daisy Torrey of Gravenhurst are staying in town, the guests of Miss Chapman of 345 Wellesley street. Mr. Percival Ridout returned from England last week and was a guest at St. Andrew's ball. Mrs. Ridout and the little ones are still abroad and very well. Miss Irene Gurney is this week laid up with a mild attack of typhoid, and her many friends are anxious to hear of her recovery. Miss Marion Barker's bright face was missing from the festivities of this week, and I am sorry to hear she has also contracted typhoid fever. Should future Wednesdays turn out snowless and dry, many people would be devoutly thankful if the watering-carts took a few trips up and down Beverley street before calling home. On Wednesday a cyclone of dust whirled gaily up and down this smart residential thorough-

fare, and faces, furs, velvets and feathers were plentifully dusted. Macadam may be a grand driveway, but it is certainly an exceedingly dusty one.

Wednesday was a bright, bracing day, and a great many people were calling on the west side, many of whom found their way to Government House between five and six o'clock, so that the usual bright scene was enacted, the tea-room being well filled and the people in the best of good humor. The recent ball and the coming *poudre*, the dancing and skating clubs were subjects of discussion.

Mrs. Arthur Meredith gave a tea at her home in Huntley street on Thursday afternoon.

Rumors of a big cloud-burst at a popular public institution have reached me, and I await further developments.

Mrs. Will Rose was a guest at the St. Andrew's ball and chaperoned her sister-in-law, Miss Emma Rose, who wore a tartan scarf over her ball gown, which has a certain interest, having been worn by her mother in the same way at St. Andrew's dance several decades ago. A trio of smart young ladies were Miss Bessie Macdonald, in blue, with roses and a tiny snood of blue ribbon, which was very fetching; Miss Louie Jones, in a very smart gown of black over white satin, and Miss May Walker, in a white frock with girle and long sashes of old-fashioned pink shade.

The annual dance at the Athletic Club is fixed for January 8, and everyone is looking forward to it with anticipated pleasure. Keep the evening of Friday, January 8, free for this affair.

Several good runs were enjoyed by members of the Hunt Club last week. On Saturday the Master and two huntsmen with the hounds trotted down Beverley street at half-past five, and made a pretty sporting picture for the men and women hurrying to and from Mrs. Stewart's tea. "You look warm and cosy in your pink," said one to the Master, who in jolly tones remarked, "I feel warm, too; we have had a fine, hard run." Miss Beardmore, Miss Cawthra and Miss Jones have been in great form this autumn, and the finish at the Club House has often been the *raison d'être* of some of the pleasantest imaginable little dinners thereat. The Driving Club will probably reap more pleasure from this charming rendezvous when the former is in going order. It is a delightful place any time.

Mrs. G. B. Smith gave a very pleasant dance last Friday week at her handsome home in Sherbourne street. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell, Mr. and Mrs. Trow, Miss Davies, Miss Morrison, Miss Rose, Miss Wylie, Dr. Winnett, Dr. Quessnell, Mr. H. H. Shaver, Dr. Stacey, Mr. F. Anderson and Miss Anderson, Miss Ross, Mr. Hughes and the Misses Hughes, Miss Arksey, Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Malone, Mr. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Miss Williams, Mr. Michie, Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry, Miss Kennedy, and Mr. Walker. Supper was served at twelve o'clock, and at a late hour the party dispersed, sorry indeed to leave their genial host.

The Toronto Meds' dinner at the Rossin House on Wednesday evening was a most enjoyable affair and a great success. An illustrated article about this banquet will be published next week.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. G. A. Reid, and Mrs. M. H. Reid are holding an exhibition of paintings at Matthews' Gallery this week. Mr. F. S. Challener, as stated in our art department, intended joining the exhibit, but at the last moment found that he could not have his pictures in readiness.

A pretty maiden at the dance on Monday will not be much longer one of our Toronto belles. Miss Constance Jarvis and Mr. Hope are to be married next month. I hear the wedding is to take place from Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis's in Jarvis street, and it is unnecessary to add that it will be a beautiful and smart affair.

Miss Edith Jarvis is visiting her aunt in Montreal and enjoying the social whirl in the Eastern city to her heart's content.

Mrs. Kenneth Stewart's tea for her daughter's presentation came off very successfully on last Saturday afternoon, and the snug house in Beverley street was filled with ladies and gentlemen who responded to the invitation to welcome the *debutante*, who is a very bright and pretty girl. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Miss Stewart received the guests, the young lady looking very nice in a pink frock and showing a good deal of composure and grace. Tea was served in pretty style, and several young people assisted at the table, which was supplied with many dainties. Mrs. Stewart is always the cordial hostess in perfection, and her daughter seems to be following very closely the good example set by her mother. People seemed to feel the atmosphere of welcome, and enjoyed themselves unusually at this tea.

Society will rendezvous this afternoon at Ravenswood, where Mrs. Arthurs will receive from 4.30 to 7 o'clock. Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House gives an afternoon tea on Monday.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne gives a reception next Saturday at Clover Hill from four to seven o'clock. One expects something very pleasant when Mrs. Osborne sends out her invitations. The Misses Pyke returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden gave a tea yesterday for her daughter, Miss Isalen Ogden, who came out at St. Andrew's ball.

Mrs. Marsh of Avenue road gives an afternoon reception on Monday next at five o'clock.

Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon of Sherbourne street will be at Home next Monday from five to seven o'clock.

The Royal Grenadiers intend giving three of those delightful dances which were so much enjoyed a couple of seasons ago. The Confed-

eration Life ball-room has been chosen for these affairs, the first of which will take place in Christmas week. The committee appointed are Captains Cameron, Stimson, Boyd, Gooderham, and Lieutenants O'Reilly, Shanly, MacInnes and Street.

University Ladies' Glee Club and Frank Yeigh's Travel Talks, with dance to follow at the Athletic Club, were Thursday and Friday fixtures this week which interested a lot of people.

Trinity A. A. concert and dance took place with great *clat* on Thursday evening.

The Lornes' dance in Confederation Life building is the event for the 15th.

Miss Hendrie of Detroit and the Misses Hendrie of Hamilton came down for the ball on Monday. Miss Tena Hendrie returned to Hamilton on Tuesday, but Mrs. Hay is still hostess to the remaining two of a very welcome trio. Miss Tena Hendrie was very smart at the dance in a quaintly *ombre* flowered brocade with bindings of black velvet.

Justice and Mrs. MacMahon gave a couple of dinner parties this week.

Miss Sparks of Ottawa is visiting friends in Toronto.

Miss Temple has been visiting Mrs. Carter Troop in Montreal.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. John Bruce gave a very jolly tea to a crowd of young ladies in honor of her guest and sister-in-law-elect, Miss Dollie Dench. Miss O'Reilly, Miss Chapman and Miss Pemberton assisted in the tea-room, and Miss Dench received with Mrs. Bruce, charming all the young people by her merry and unaffected manner, and adding to her already long list of friends in Toronto.

The Flower Show closed last Friday evening after a very successful exhibition. The roses and orchids quite took the shine out of the mums, and Dunlop's new carnations were lovely. Mr. Dunlop should be very well pleased with his fine list of prizes this year.

A quiet but most interesting wedding was solemnized this week at St. Basil's church, the contracting parties being Miss Florence Helen, daughter of Mr. Alexander Macdonell, late of Lindsay, and Mr. Grenville James, United States Consul at Woodstock, N.B. The bride looked charming in a traveling costume of fawn cloth, with vest and trimmings of cadet blue, and blue velvet and nink toque. Miss Edith Macdonell, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Mr. H. St. George Gray supported the groom. Only the members of the family and a few intimate friends of the bride were present. Mr. and Mrs. James left on the nine o'clock train for their future home. Mrs. James was a great favorite in Toronto and has left a crowd of friends, who wish her much happiness in her new home.

Miss Tilley of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. George J. Mason of Harr Hall, South Parkdale.

Mr. A. E. S. Smythe, who has been lecturing in the central southern cities of the United States, returns to Toronto on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallach were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Christie of the Queen's Park on Tuesday.

Miss Ethel Read of Peterboro' is visiting Mrs. Holland of Dunn avenue, Parkdale.

A very pleasant wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Watson of 55 Alice street on Wednesday afternoon, when Mr. John Mutrie, Center Wellington's popular member of the Local Legislature, was married to Miss Maggie Allan of this city. The groomsmen was Mr. Robert J. Anderson of Guelph, and the bridesmaid was Miss Mary Howard of Toronto. Rev. Dr. Hunter of Erskine church performed the ceremony.

Cards are out for a tea at Mrs. Cotton's, 240 Spadina avenue, on Friday, December 11.

A pleasant time was spent by the many friends of Mr. Arthur Ardagh of College street on Saturday, when she gave an afternoon tea.

Mrs. William Clark chaperoned quite a bevy of pretty girls to the dance at Trinity College on Thursday. Among them I noticed: Miss Thompson, Miss MacLaren of Perth, Miss Mockridge, Miss Rosamond Boulbee, Miss Rae, Miss Eva Langtry and others.

Mrs. Unwin of Lakehurst, Grimsby, entertained a large number of her friends at afternoon tea on Friday of last week. Those who ably assisted in the tea-room were her sisters, Mrs. Winans and Miss Tiny Ruthven of Toronto, Mrs. Kenneth Groat of Grimsby and Miss Chadwick of Toronto.

The present cold snap is coincident with the revival of the skating club at Victoria Rink, which gave so much pleasure to many society people last season. The first reunion will be held next Monday evening at half-past eight, weather permitting, and every Monday evening and Thursday afternoon thereafter during the season. An excellent band has been engaged, and other pleasant features are promised, amongst them a proposed carnival. There are still a few vacancies, and persons desirous of joining must be proposed by a member of the Club.

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## Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins gave a very large tea last Friday afternoon, for which the immediately ensuing rain-storm kindly postponed itself until most of the smart people were safely at home. Only ladies were asked to this affair, which was fortunate, for even the most self-assertive of men would have found it difficult to secure a vacant corner for occupancy. One looked forward to more breathing space when the much-abused big sleeves went out, but even now, when women don't require four feet of space to pass by, there seems to be just as much crowding. It has been suggested by an observant woman that there is too much lingering in the tea-room at these crowded affairs, and that women should remember the many who wait for their tea beyond the portal and utter gentle anathemas at those who linger to gossip and prevent their friends' refreshment. The usual cause is that there is only one entrance to the tea-room, and many a woman, being safely ensconced therein and watching the crowd thickening before the door, dreads facing it to make her escape. Quite a number of people make a rule never to enter a tea-room in search of what they may devour, preferring not to risk the occasional baptism of some sweet substance on a new and costly frock. Only a day or two since I saw a lady emerge from such a fray with streaks of whipped cream all over a black satin frock, and one of the first orders my lady's maid obeys is to take a thorough survey of her mistress's tea-going gown, to discover if any samples of the refreshment table have inadvertently been carried home. The fashion of having active and tactful girlfriends to wait upon the guests is a great improvement, and the woman who is popular generally has more attendant sprites, with coaxing tones and smiles, than she can employ for the moderate refreshing permitted in view of the approaching dinner-hour. At Mrs. Atkins' tea a bevy of charming women were waitresses, foremost and brightest being Miss Shanklin, in a lovely frock, which suggested her late bridesmaid duties in London. The pretty hostess was, as usual, exquisitely dressed, Mrs. Atkins' gowns being another name for all that is fashionable and chic, and many a rustling silk and soft-hued velvet and gorgeous brocade kept her in countenance. As the clocks pointed to six and the first rain-drops began to fall, the brilliant group melted away like a vanishing rainbow, with pleasant words and happy memories of an enjoyable hour in a charming home.

The marriage of Miss Lorne Campbell of Listowel and Mr. A. G. Bastedo took place in Knox church, Listowel, on Thursday.

Mrs. Charles McGill of Peterboro' is spending a week in town with her sister, Mrs. MacIntyre of Huron street.

Mrs. W. W. Greenwood of St. Catharines is visiting Mrs. Clougher of 49 Grenville street.

Mrs. Simpson of Kingston is visiting Mrs. Barker of Beverley street.

The next event which interests society in the shape of a large public dance is the picturesque *bal poudre*, the enterprise undertaken each season by society people in aid of the Ladies' Work Depository. The ball is under the patronage of His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and the list of lady patronesses is as follows: Mrs. A. Beardmore, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Lawrence Buchan, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. James, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, and Mrs. Sweny.

Mr. W. J. Williams, LL.B., formerly a Toronto barrister and now of Los Angeles, Cal., was married at Washington, D. C., on Thanksgiving day to Gerrie, daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Meade of that city. After a short trip through the Eastern States the young couple will arrive at the Elliott House, Toronto, where they will be pleased to receive their friends during the month of December.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Laura Maud Alexandria Dunning and Mr. Henry Charles Arnold. The ceremony takes place on the evening of December 23, at a quarter after seven, in St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue, with a reception afterwards at the residence of the bride's mother.

Mr. Joseph Grimes, who tips the scales at a few ounces less than five hundred pounds and rides a Cleveland bicycle, is just starting for Europe for a tour on his wheel.

Mrs. W. G. Hannah gave an afternoon tea on December 3 at her residence, 24 Brunswick avenue.

Mrs. Norman Allen of 108 Carlton street was at Home last Saturday afternoon from five to seven.

Mr. H. C. Boomer and the Misses Boomer, who have been traveling on the Continent, are at present in Venice. They will spend the winter in Italy and the south of France.

The marriage of Miss Mary Amelia, only daughter of Mrs. William Clark Burdick, of 58 Astor street, Chicago, to Dr. Robert A. MacArthur of Toronto took place at high noon Tuesday, November 24, at the Church of the Ascension, Rev. Edward A. Larrabee officiating, in the presence of the immediate relatives. The bride was given away by her brother, Rev. Philip M. Prescott of Washington. Miss Mary Dana acted as maid of honor, and the groom's brother, Mr. Clarence MacArthur of Toronto, was best man. Mr. Rockwood W. Hosmer and Dr. W. B. Thistle of Toronto were the ushers. The bride was gowned in white satin, made with high neck and long sleeves; her tulle veil was fastened with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of bride-maid roses. Mrs. Burdick was gowned in violet moire, with point lace and diamonds. A breakfast to a limited number of friends followed at 58 Astor street. The table was done in pink, and the decorations throughout the rest of the house were in white

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It is simply intended to suggest suitable Christmas giving in the jewelry and silver novelty line; we will then be glad to correspond with you more specifically regarding what you are thinking of.

## Ryrie Bros.

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and green. Dr. and Mrs. MacArthur left for a wedding journey and upon their return will reside at 58 Astor street, where they will receive January 4, from 4 till 10 o'clock. Among the out-of-town guests at the wedding were Mr.

William Clark Burdick and Miss Burdick of Alfred, N.Y., and Mrs. John MacArthur and the Misses MacArthur of Toronto.

Mrs. H. S. Strathy of 71 Queen's Park has returned home and will receive on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 8, 9 and 10.

Among the notable coming events will be the Charity ball to be given in aid of the Toronto Hebrew benevolent societies, for relief of the needy, to be held in Confederation Hall, December 31. Tickets may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. S. B. Miers, 100 Winchester street, or Mr. E. Scheurer, 280 Sherbourne street.

The annual concert of the Ladies' Glee Club of University College was held in the University gymnasium building on Thursday, December 3. The Club, numbering about forty-five voices, was under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson and was assisted by the following well known artists: The Mendelssohn Trio, Mme. Youngheart, Miss De Geer, Mr. Robinson and Mr. C. Frank King.

Mrs. Buchan spent Saturday in Brampton, and visitors were disappointed in one pleasant chat at Stanley Barracks last week.

Major and Mrs. Denison are at Rusholm, the family residence in Dundas street, for the present.

Mrs. Will Hyslop (nee McLeod of Woodstock) gave a very pretty tea to a number of ladies on Friday of last week. Mrs. Hyslop's pretty home in Sherbourne street was brightly lighted and decorated with flowers, and not the smallest of its attractions was the group of sweetly gowned young matrons and maids who were of the receiving party and who presided at the tea-table. Mrs. Hyslop wore an extremely becoming pink frock; her sister, Mrs. Randall, was in deep red chiffon and silk; a younger sister, Miss McLeod, was also prettily gowned. In the tea-room I noticed a dainty rainbow gown in faintly blending shades of primrose mauve and delicate green and pink, suggesting all sorts of spring symphonies in its soft coloring. Mrs. Esten Fletcher, who assists at more teas than any three women I know, and is a host in herself, was in pale blue crepe with black velvet bands. Two or three other ladies were also in attendance. Mrs. Hyslop intends leaving with her husband on a trip to the Old Country very soon.

Mrs. Cattanch's young people's dance on Friday of last week was one of the brightest of the opening events of what promises to be a very busy season in society. The large square rooms of the spacious home in St. George street over which Mrs. Cattanch once more presides, are eminently fitted for a dance, and the "squares" of many merry couples had plenty of room to frisk through the Lancers to their hearts' content. The dining and billiard-rooms, on the south side, were given over to the dancers, and supper was daintily served in the alcoved drawing-room, and the guests were received in the library. A large company of young folks much enjoyed this pleasant affair, which, under the direction of a hostess who has nothing to acquire in the art of entertaining, was a foregone conclusion. Seven debutantes came out at this dance, which was for young folks, only one married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, being invited.

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## THE HOUSE ON THE WALL

A TWO-PART STORY

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

Author of "Under the Red Robe," "A Gentleman of France," &c.  
(Copyright, 1896, by Stanley J. Weyman.)

### PART I.

In the summer of 1706, two years after the second battle of Hochstett, which Englishmen call Blenheim, in a world ringing with the names of Marlborough and Eugene, Louis of Baden and Villars, Villeroy the Incapable and Boufflers the Brave—a world, for us, of dark chaos luridly lit by flames of burning hamlets, and galloped through by huge troopers wearing periwigs and high boots, and pistols two feet long in the barrel—one of the Austrian captains sat down before the frontier town of Huymonde in Spanish Flanders, and prepared to take it.

Whereat Huymonde was not too greatly moved. A warm town of fat burghers and narrow streets, and oak wainscots that winked in the firelight, and burnished flags that caught the drinker's smile, it was not to be lightly excited; and it had been besieged heaven only knows how many times before. Men made ready as for a long fight; took count of wine and provisions, and hid a portion of each under the cellar floor; thanked God that they were not the garrison and that times were changed since the Thirty Years' War; and, in short, fell very easily into an idle life flecked with bubbles of excitement. When the Austrian guns rumbled without, and the smoke eddied slowly over the walls, they stood in the streets, their hands in their muffs, and gossiped not unpleasantly; when the cannons were silent they smoked their long pipes on the ramparts, and measured the advance of the trenches, and listened while the oldest inhabitant prosed of the sack by Spinola in '24 and the winter siege of '41.

Whether the good townfolk were as brave in private—as at home with their wives, for instance—may be doubted; but this for certain, the Burgomaster's trouble lay all with the women. Whether they had less faith in the great Louis—who, indeed, seemed in these days less superior to a world in arms than in the dawn of his glory—or whether they found the oldest inhabitant's tales too precisely to the point, they had a way of growing restive once a week, besieging the good Burgomaster's house and demanding—with a thousand shrill and voluble tongues—immediate surrender on terms. Between whines, being busy with scrubbing and baking, and washing their children, they were quiet enough. But as surely as Sunday came around, and with it a clean house and leisure to chat with the neighbors, the Burgomaster's hour came too, and with it a mob of women shaking crooked fingers at him, and deafening him with their abuse. He began—though a bold man—to dream at night of De Witt and his fate; and from a stout and pompous burgher, dwindled in six weeks to a lean and morose old tyrant. Withal he had no choice, for at his shoulder lurked the French commandant, a resolute man with a grim wit of his own and a pet curtain—between the Stadthaus bastion and the bastion of the Bronze House, and very handy to the former—whereat he shot deserters and the like on the smallest pretext.

Still the Burgomaster, as he wiped his sorrow face and watched the last of the women withdraw on the seventh Sunday of the siege, began to think that, rather than pass through this again, he would face even the curtain and a volley. The ordeal had been more severe than usual; his cheek still twitched, and he leaned against his official table to belie his trembling knees. He had been settling a change of billets, when the viragos broke in on him, and only his clerk had been present; for his council—and this rub he felt sorely—much bullied in old days, were treating him to solitude now and the monopoly of the burden. His clerk was still with him, but affected to be busy with the papers on the table—perhaps he was scared, too, and equally bent on hiding it; so it was the Burgomaster himself who first discovered that they were not in fact alone, but that one woman still lingered. She sat in a corner of the oak seat that ran around the paneled room; and the stained glass of the windows, blazoned with the arms of Huymonde and the Counts of Flanders, cast a veil of tawny lights between her and the gazer, a veil behind which she seemed to lurk. The Burgomaster started, then remembered that the danger was over for the time, and in a harsh voice bade her follow her mates.

"Begone, wench," he said. "And go to your prayers! That is women's work. Leave these things to men."

The woman rose. "When men," she answered, in a strident voice at which the Burgomaster started afresh, "hide themselves, it is time women stood forward. Where is your son?"

The Burgomaster swore.

"Where is your son?" the woman repeated firmly.

The Burgomaster swore again, his sallow face grown purple; then looked at his clerk and signed to him to go. The clerk went wondering and gaping—for this was unusual—and left the two together.

Then the Burgomaster found his voice. "You Jeezebel!" he cried passionately, approaching the woman. "How dare you come here to make mischief? How dare you lay your tongue to my son's name? Do you know, shameless one, that if I were to—"

But at that the woman caught fire, blazed up and fairly outdid him in rage. She was middle-aged and spare, with a face naturally pale and refined, and an air of pride that peered even through the neat poverty of her dress. But at that word she shook her hands in his face, and her eyes blazed. "Shameless!" she retorted. "No, but shameful, and through whom? Through your son, your villain, your craven of a son, who hides now! Through your base-born tradesman of a son, who dare face neither woman nor man—"

"Silence!" the Burgomaster cried.

She broke off, but only to throw her whole soul into one breathless cry. "Will he marry her?" she panted; and she held out her hands

to him, palm uppermost. "Will he marry her?"

"No!" the Burgomaster answered grimly. She flung up her hands. "Then beware!" she cried wildly, and for the first time raised her voice. "Beware! You and yours have brought us to shame, but the end is not yet. The end is not yet. You do not know us."

At that, however, he rallied himself. "I may not know you yet," he said hardily, and, indeed, brutally, "but I know this. That such things as these come, woman, of people setting themselves up to be better than their neighbors—when they are as poor as church mice! They come of slighting honest fellows and setting caps at those above you! Your daughter—or you, woman, if you like it better—set the trap, and you are caught in it yourselves! That is all."

"You wretch!" she gasped. "And he will not marry her!"

"Not while I live," he answered firmly.

"And that is your last word?"

"It is," he said.

He was on his guard, prepared to defend himself against her violence. But after a tense pause of suspense, during every moment of which he expected her to fall upon him, she said only: "Where is he?"

"I shall not tell you," he answered.

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

It was not their first interview. She had pleaded with him before; had knelt and wept and abased herself before him; had done all that the love that tore her heartstrings, the love that made it so much more difficult to see her child suffer than to suffer herself, the love that every moment painted the bare room at home and her daughter prostrate there in shame and despair—she had done all that even that love could suggest. There was no room here for further pleading; and she had threatened—and failed. What then remained to be done?

Nothing, the Burgomaster thought, as in a flush of triumph and relief he watched her go, outface and defeated. Nothing; and he hugged himself on the prudence that had despatched his son out of the way in time, and rendered a match with that proud pauper brat impossible. Nothing; but to the woman, as she went, it seemed that everything, everything, was yet to be done. As she left the little square and plunged into the narrow street that led to her House on the Wall, the story of her life in Huymonde spread itself before her in a string of scenes that now—now, alas, but never before—seemed to find their natural sequence in this tragedy. Nine years before she had come to Huymonde with her artist husband; but the great art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was dying or dead in Flanders, and with it the artistic sense and the honor once paid to it. Huymonde made Delft still, and pottery; but on old conventional lines, in endless repetition of old formal patterns, with no touch of genius or appreciation. Trade, and a desire to win the florid ease, the sleek comfort of the burgher, possessed the town wholly. The artist had found himself a stranger in a strange land; had struggled on, despising and despised, in the quaint house on the wall, at which he had snatched on his first coming because it looked over the open country; and there after seven years had died, scarcely better known and no whit more highly appreciated than on the day of his arrival.

After that the story was of two women living *sola cum sola*, one wholly for the other; suspected, if not disliked, by their neighbors, and for their part alien in all their thoughts and standards, since the artist's widow could not forget that he had been Peter Paul's favorite pupil, or that her father had counted quarters. *Sola cum sola*, until one day the war began, and Huymonde setting itself to look to its defenses, a young man appeared one certain evening to inspect the House on the Wall, and see that the window which looked out over the country was safely and properly built up and strengthened.

"You must have a sergeant and guard billeted here!" was his first sharp word; and the widow had sighed at this invasion of their privacy which was also their poverty. But the young girl, standing sideways in that very window, had pouted her red lips and frowned on the intruder, and the sergeant had not come. Instead, the young man had returned, at first weekly, then at shorter intervals, to see that the window defences remained intact; with his appearance life in the House on the Wall had become a different thing. He was the son of the Burgomaster of the town, his wife might repay with interest of advantage the dull bovine scorn to which the city dames had treated her mother. The widow permitted herself to hope. Her child was beautiful with the creamy fairness of Guelders, and as pure as the sky. The young man was gay and handsome; and doubtless these qualities made their due impression on the elder woman's heart, long unfamiliar with them. So, for more than a year he had had the run of the house, been one of the family, and then one day had disappeared, and then one other day—

Oh, God of vengeance! She paused in the darkening street as she thought of it. Beside her a long low window, warmly curtained, let out a stream of ruddy light. From the opposite house issued cheery voices and tinkling laughter. And before and behind, whichever way she looked, firelight flashed through diamond panes or glowed on the heart of green bottle-glass. Out in the street men shouldered past her, talking blithely, and in distant kitchens cups clinked and ware clattered, and every house—every house from garret to parlor—seemed to her a home happy and gleeful. A home; and her home? She stood at the thought and cursed them; cursed them, and like the echo of her whispered words the solemn boom of a cannon floated over the town.

A chance passer, seeing her stand thus, caught the whiteness of her face, and thought her afraid. "Cheer up, mother!" he said over his shoulder. "They are all bark and little bite."

"I would they bit to the bone!" she cried furiously.

"But luckily he was gone too far to hear or understand, and resuming her course she hurried on, her head bowed, and in a few minutes came to the foot of the stone steps that, in two flights at right angles, led up to the low-browed door of her house. There, as she set her foot on the lowest stair and wearily began the ascent, a man advanced out of the darkness and touched her sleeve. For an instant she thought it the man, and caught her breath and stepped back. But his first word showed her her mistake.

"You live here?" he said abruptly. "Can I come in?"

In ordinary times his foreign accent and the glint of a pistol barrel, which caught her eye as he spoke, would have set her on her guard. But to-night she had nothing to lose, nothing, it seemed to her, to hope. She scarcely looked at the man. "As you please," she said dully.

"What do you want?"

"To speak to you."

"Come in then," she said.

And she did not turn to him again until they stood together in the room above and the door was shut. Then she asked him a second time what he wanted.

"Are we alone?" he returned, staring suspiciously about him.

"My daughter is above," she answered.

"There is no one else in the house."

"And you are poor?"

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently, and by a movement of her hands seemed to put the room in evidence; one or two pictures, standing on easels, and a few common painter's properties redeemed it from utter barrenness, yet left it cold and faded.

Nevertheless, his next question stirred even her apathy. "What rent do you pay?" he asked harshly.

"What rent?" she repeated, shaken out of her moodiness.

"Yes. How many crowns?"

"Twenty," she answered mechanically.

"A year?"

"Yes, a year."

The man had a round shaven face that sat in the circle of a tightly tied Steinkirk cravat like an ivory ball in a cup; and short hair, that might on occasion line a periwig. Notwithstanding his pistol, he had rather the air of a tradesman than a soldier, until you met his eyes, and they flashed with a keen glitter that belied his snug face and shaven cheeks. They caught the widow's eyes, as he answered her, and held them.

"Twenty crowns a year?" he said. "Then listen. I will give you two hundred crowns for this house for one night."

"For this house for one night?" she repeated.

"For this house for one night!" he answered.

Then she understood. She was quick-witted; she had lived long in the house and knew it; she knew without more that God or the devil had put that which she sought into her hands. And her first impulse was pure joy. The thirst for vengeance welled up, hot and resistless. Now she could be avenged on all; on the hard-hearted tyrant who had rejected her prayer; on the sleek dames who would point the finger at her child; on the smug town that had looked askance at her all these years, that had set her beyond the pale of its dull, groveling pleasures and shut her up in that lonely house on the wall! Now—now she had it in her hand to take tenfold for one; and her face so shone at the thought that the man watching her felt a touch of misgiving, though he was of the boldest or he had not been there on that errand.

"When?" she said. "When?"

"To-morrow night," he answered, and then, leaning forward and speaking lightly, but in a low voice, he went on: "It is a simple matter. All you have to do is to find a lodging and be gone from here by sunset, leaving the door on the latch. No more; for the money, it shall be paid to you, half to-night and half the day after to-morrow."

"I want no money," she said.

"No money?" he exclaimed incredulously.

"No; no money," she answered, in a tone and with a look that silenced him.

"But you will do it?" he said, almost timidly.

"I will do it," she answered. "At sunset to-morrow you will find the door on the latch and the house empty. After that, see that you do your part!"

His eyes lightened. "Have no fear," he said grimly. "But mark one thing, mistress. If continued, 'it is an odd thing to do for nothing.'"

"That is my business!" she cried, with a flash of rage.

He had been about to warn her that during the next twenty-four hours she would be watched, and that, on the least sign of any message passing between her and those in authority, the plot would be abandoned. But at that look he held his peace, said curtly that it was a bargain then, and in a moment left her. (To be concluded next week.)

### Build Up.

When the system is run down a person becomes an easy prey to consumption or scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

### Moderation.

"Hello, Handel Barr! what was your hurry when you came in on your wheel to-day? I never saw you work so hard."

"I wanted to get home before my cyclometer got up to fifty miles. I never permit myself to ride more than that in a day."

### A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front (the most modern hotel in the city, steam heated, baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

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### Sham Battle Anecdotes.

Selected from English papers.

I was once at a Volunteer sham-fight in Wales, when the company to which I belong suddenly found itself too close to the enemy. The order was then given to retire. On obeying it we suddenly came to a blackthorn fence. The captain of the company was at his wits' end to know how to get to the other side of it, there only being one small gap. To bridge over the difficulty he gave the order: "Company, right turn; dismiss, and fall in the other side of the fence, sharp!"

My company was carefully brought by its captain to a commanding position in the Easter sham-fight. A grand view of the combat showed from the point, and the men were standing in line. One little detail marred the effect. A battery of field-guns had trained its pieces on our lines, and was spouting columns of smoke in our direction. If the action had been a real one our men would have been simply mowed down in files. Seeing this, an adjutant, who was always anxious to work the "field-days" scientifically, galloped up. "Good heavens, major!" he yelled excitedly, "why don't you make your men lie down? Don't you see that battery playing on them?" "So I have, sir," replied the despairing major, "but they won't. They say they want to see the review!"

Giles was a Volunteer in a West Country town, and, to practice a new drill, he fixed a step-ladder on the top landing of his house, and climbed through a skylight on to the roof, where he went through his facings on the leads. He went forward beautifully, but when making his back steps, he stumbled and fell, and came through the skylight on to the landing with a sounding crash. Up rushed his wife. "What art a up to now?" she said angrily. "Thee'll break thy neck one of these days!" "Hold thee tongue!" said he; "what da wemen kna about war?"

An instructor was drilling a company of Volunteer recruits, who did not pay much attention to his orders. He noticed one man in particular, who was passing sly remarks about him. The instructor held out for some time, but at last could stand it no longer, and said to the Scotchman sarcastically: "You seem to know all about the drill, my lad. Suppose you come out and take my place." Mac, being very thick-skinned, came out of the ranks and, facing the company, gave the order: "Company, 'tention!" Then, after a pause, "Right turn! Dismiss!" Leaving the astounded instructor, who was too amazed to speak, the company raced back to the canteen, delighted at having escaped an hour's tedious drill.

### A Redeeming Trait.

"I dunno ez the prodigal son was so very bad, after all," said Mrs. Cornstossel.

"He wa'n't no good to his family," her husband rejoined.

"That's a fact. But when he got home he didn't hev no more ter say. Ef he'd been like most o' the menfolks nowadays the fust thing he'd ef done would ef been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."

### White Lies in History.

The greatest white lie in history was that which Nelson told when, in command of the Elephant, he was engaging the Dannebrog before Copenhagen, and, after putting his telescope to his blind eye, said that he could not see Admiral Parker's signal to "cease action." As he knew perfectly well that the signal was flying, his statement to his captain was certainly a lie, but its honorable motive and its triumphant result most effectually whitewashed it, and it stands unequalled in history as a white lie of the first magnitude.

Another example of different, yet no less heroic kind, was the lie told by Lieutenant-General Loiserolles when he personated his son who was awaiting death with him in the prison of Saint Lazaire during the last days of the

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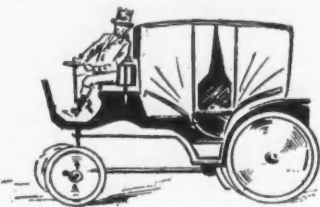


## QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item on any subject will be published.

Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

At the recent Lord Mayor's parade in London the motor car of which we give a picture held its place and was handled by its owner, Mr. H. J. Lawson, president of the Motor Car Club. It would seem that horseless carriages will run in every city very soon. This particular car is propelled by petroleum, has thick rubber tires, is comfortably upholstered, and runs almost noiselessly and without a jolt. A company



A Horseless Carriage.

has just been formed in London, Eng., called the London Electric Cab Company (Ltd.), with capital of £150,000, in shares of £1 each, to run electric motor cabs. It is thought that these horseless cabs will soon crowd the old-style vehicles off the street, and perhaps do away with street cars before long. The vehicles will look like broughams, but will be more roomy and comfortable, and illuminated with electric light.

### WOLFE'S SWORD AND AN OLD GUN.

The rival claims in regard to Wolfe's sword are still undecided. Whether the real weapon as used on the Plains of Abraham is that in the United Service Museum in London, or the one which the late Canadian Minister of Militia has presented to the museum at Ottawa is not authoritatively known. There is, however, no reason for doubting the news which now comes from Chippawa, Ont., that a Mr. Louis Winebrenner of that place possesses a gun used in the famous battle between Wolfe and Montcalm. The gun was manufactured by Es. Quabelle, Madrid, Spain, in 1719. Although somewhat marred by rough usage and old age, the maker's plate is still in good state of preservation. It is a flint-lock—a piece of flint which is still attached throws off sparks quite freely—and was brought from the battle by a soldier named Harris, who passed it on through his son to the present owner.

### A NEW SCHEME.

At Freeport, Ill., a new industry is to be started. On a quarter-section of land an enterprising Kansas farmer will establish a thousand black cats and five thousand rats on which to feed the cats, estimating that the cats will increase fifteen thousand in two years, the skins being worth \$1. The rats will multiply five times as fast as the cats and will be used to feed the latter, while the skinned cats will furnish food to the rats. Thus has perpetual motion been discovered at last.

### AN ALBINO CHIPMUNK.

A heretofore unheard-of curiosity in the shape of a perfect albino chipmunk was captured by Mr. John McGuire of Havelock, Ont., near Mud Lake, on the Trent River, last week. The hair and skin are perfectly white and the eyes pink. Mr. McGuire would not part with his curious pet for a good deal of money.

### HUSBANDS BEWARE.

A Chicago judge has just compelled a man to pay alimony to his divorced wife's second husband. She got her decree and three hundred dollars alimony, and two days later married the second man. When she died the alimony had not been paid, and the new husband, as her only heir, sued his predecessor for the unpaid alimony, and got it.

### A TURTLE'S HEAD.

In reference to our turtle story of last week the following item from a United States paper has been handed in: Albert Klein, a saloon-keeper of Lexington, cut the heads off three large turtles on Tuesday morning and threw them into his back yard. In the afternoon a dog came in the vicinity of the turtle heads, one of which fastened itself on the dog's leg with such force as to break it. It took half an hour to pry open the mouth sufficient to disengage the dog.

### ONE ON THE GLOBE.

Mr. Paul M. Paine of the Syracuse Post writes to the Lounger of The Critic about the use of the abbreviation don't with the third person singular. He mentions several examples, concluding with the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and then says: "Bad enough, surely; but how much worse to find the Toronto Globe, which is more marvellously proper than even the Philadelphia Ledger, saying, 'He don't know what he wants!'"

### A DOUBLE SHOT.

While a party of hunters from Galt were looking after game in Conger's swamp, in Beverley, recently, one of them noticed a large hawk sitting on a log. He fired at it and it fell. On running up to secure his prize, the hunter was surprised to find its talons fixed in a fine pheasant, which it had evidently just caught, as the poor bird was yet alive and uninjured.

### QUEER POINTS.

Only one man out of every two hundred and three is a "six-footer."

Every President of the United States has been either a lawyer or a soldier, or both.

In the city of Brussels there is a clock which is wound up by the wind, and never by human hands.

Red socks have just killed a hostler at Stamford, England. The dye entered a cut in his foot, causing blood-poisoning.

A fire at a farmhouse near Axminster, England, was put out recently by pumping on

it cider from hogsheads, as there was no water to be had.

George Washington died in the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, of the last month of the year, of the last year of the last century.

We know practically nothing of what is in the center of the earth. The deepest hole in the world is in Silesia—6520 feet, and it passes through eighty-three beds of coal.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would win the tug-of-war easily; but if the lion were hitched behind the horse, and facing in the same direction, it could easily back the horse down upon its haunches.

Ladies in the habit of biting off the ends of their silk thread while sewing, who notice that the bitten thread gives a sweet taste, should stop the practice. Acetate of lead has been used to make the silk heavy, and they are inhaling the poison when they bite it.

At Persian funerals the mourners are supplied with wads of cotton, which they use to wipe away their tears. The cotton is afterward collected and squeezed, and the tears are bottled and preserved. They are supposed to possess restorative qualities in fainting fits.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 lbs. he can travel twelve or fourteen days without water, going forty miles a day. Camels are fit to work at five years old; but their strength begins to decline at twenty-five, although they usually live to forty. The Tartars have herds of these animals, 1,000 often belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000.

### Cause for Mirth.

N. Y. Truth.

"I was never more mortified in all my life!" snapped Mrs. Pritchett, fairly quivering with indignation and shame. "What in time possessed you to do such a thing?"

"Well—er—hem!" replied her husband, apologetically. "I guess I was kinder overtook."

"I guess you must have been—overtaken by the Old Boy himself, to burst into a roar of laughter right in the midst of Elder Tombs' solemn portrayal of the awful torments of the wicked. Ezzy, I've been telling you all along that you wasn't living as you should, but I didn't think you had gone so far on the downward way that you would deliberately make a mock of sacred things!"

"Oh, come now, mother! It wasn't as bad as all that. I meant to say that I guessed I was kinder overtaken with sleep and got to thinking about something I saw up at the tavern last night. Old Heck Peavy, who is so deaf that he can't hear it thunder, and Uncle Wash Lazenberry, who is some deader than old Heck, got together and were sipping hard cider and blinking socially at each other, when pretty soon something reminded old Heck of a story, which he told. Uncle Wash listened as well as he was able and cackled politely when it was done. I don't suppose he really caught more than about three words of it, for as soon as it was finished he piped out that that reminded him of a story, and I'll be cuss-fired if—"

"Ezzy!"

"Er—hem! I mean, I'll vow if he didn't whirl right in and tell, word for word, the very same story that old Heck had just told! And when it was done old Heck cackled as politely as Uncle Wash had done, and neither of them had the slightest idea of what had really happened."

### A Lesson for the Weak.

Do you see that locomotive engine standing on the side track? Something has broken down about it. There is not a hiss of steam from its valves; it is still and cold as a dead whale on a beach; it can't draw a train; it can't even move itself. Now, tell me, do you believe that any amount of tinkering and hammering at it would make it go? Not a bit. Nothing on earth will make it go except steam in the boiler, and even that won't unless the engine is in order. Everybody knows that, you say. Do they? Then why don't they act on this principle in every case where it applies?

Here is such a case. Writing concerning his wife, a gentleman says: "In the autumn of 1880 my wife fell into a low, despondent state through family bereavement. Her appetite was poor, and no food, however light, agreed with her. After eating she had pain and tightness at the chest, and a sense of fulness as if swollen around the waist. She was much troubled with flatulence, and had pain at the heart and palpitation. At times she was so prostrated that she was confined to her room for days together, and had barely strength to move."

"At first she consulted a doctor at Ferry Hill, but getting worse, she went to see a physician at Newcastle. The latter gave her some relief, but still she did not get her strength up; and after being under his treatment for six months she discontinued going to him. Better and worse, she continued to suffer for over a year, when she heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She began taking it, and soon her appetite revived and her food gave her strength. In a short time she was quite a new woman. Since that time (now nearly twelve years ago) I have always kept this medicine in the house, and if any of my family all anything a few doses puts us right—Yours truly, (Signed) George Walker, Grocer, &c., Ferry Hill, near Durham, October 25th, 1893."

We call attention especially to those words in Mr. Walker's letter which are printed in italics. You can pick them out at a glance. They show how fully he understands where human strength comes from—that it comes from digested food and not from any medicines that the doctor or any one else can give us. Let us have no mistake or confusion of mind on this important point.

For example, Mrs. Walker was ill with indigestion and dyspepsia. Her symptoms, and how she suffered, her husband tells us. The disease destroyed her power to obtain any strength from food, and Nature suspended her appetite in order that she might not make bad worse by eating what could only ferment in the stomach and fill her blood with the resulting poisons. The only outcome of such a state of things must be pain and weakness—weakness which, continued long enough, must end in absolute prostration and certain death.

Well then, she failed to get up her strength under the treatment of either doctor. Why? Simply because the medicines they gave her—whatever they may have been—did not cure the torpid and inflamed stomach. If they had cured it then she would have got up her strength exactly as she afterwards did when she took Seigel's Syrup. But the trouble is this: Medicines that will do this are rare. If the doctors possess them they would use them, and cure people with them, of course. Mother Seigel's is one of these rare and effective medicines. If there is another as good the public

has not yet been made acquainted with the fact. But even the Syrup does not impart strength; it is not a so-called "tonic"; there is no such thing. It (the Syrup) cures the disease, drives out the poison, repairs the machine. Then comes the appetite (all of itself) and digestion and strength. You see the order—the sequence. Yes, Well, please bear it in mind. The mechanics set the engine in order; then the stoker gets up the steam. And of the human body—the noblest of all machines—Mother Seigel's Syrup is the skilled mechanic.

### Most Obliging.

The following is unique among hotel advertisements. It appears in Our Tourist Handbook for Colorado, and advertises the Hotel Kitchen, Leadville, Col. The man who wrote it is a humorist:

This establishment is arranged for the special comfort and convenience of summer boarders. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed upon the knoll or further down towards State street, the location of the house will be immediately changed.

Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for every guest. Billiard-table, daily papers, sewing machine, grand piano, clergyman, and all modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished, every guest to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill after afterwards at the office. Waiters of any nationality and color desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquet, full dress suit, ball tablet, and his hair pinned in the middle.

Every guest will have the best seat in the dining-hall and the best waiter in the house. The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsted at the village store, shake for the drinks at any hour of the day or night, play billiards, good waltzer, and can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse children, is a good judge of horses, as a railway reference is far superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady, and don't mind being cut dead when "Pa comes down." Don't mind being damned any more than a Connecticut river, can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the annunciator and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Irish or any other polite language without turning a hair.

The proprietors will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is "the best house in the country." Special attention given to parties who can give information as to "how these things are done here."

The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute the bill, tell him he is a swindler, the house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, and that he, the guest, was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends. For climate, beautiful scenery and health, Leadville cannot be surpassed. Only one funeral in eleven weeks—the patient called a doctor.

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THE LADY AND THE FLAGON. by ANTHONY HOPE

THE TWO OTTAWA FIELD BATTERY, by MAJOR A. S. WOODBURN

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# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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If Messrs. Ferguson and Emeric, who appear as Dennis McSorley and Michael Clancy at the Toronto this week, would omit themselves from the play in future, it would probably have higher claims upon the amusement-loving public than it has now. In fact, the "men-folks" in their entirety, with the single and shining exception of Mr. Sam Howe, could readily be spared. He would be missed. Of the ladies, the sisters Ghrice and Miss Ferguson were perhaps the most pleasing, but all were pretty and the dancing was good. When this is said, all that can be said in the way of honest praise has been said, but their work, I suppose, stood out all the more prominently, as grass looks greener in the shape of an oasis in a desert than anywhere else. McSorley's Twins is a break in the long chain of Manager Small's successes, but it is somewhat unreasonable to expect that any manager could secure and present to the public attractions of as high a class as he has this year accustomed his patrons to look for, without occasionally being forced to present a somewhat inferior attraction. Mr. Small has done well by the theater-going public, and it would be rank ingratitude to depreciate his well directed efforts to please, because they do not meet with invariable and unbroken success.

McSorley's Twins is only one of a class of plays that are the rule, not the exception, in cheap theaters; and we have reason to congratulate ourselves that we have in Toronto a theater that must be called cheap, if any comparison is attempted between the quality of the attractions usually given and the prices charged, in which plays of that class are the exception, not the rule. The spectacle of one gentleman vigorously assaulting another gentleman in the rear is doubtless vastly enjoyed by everybody except the party thereto of the second part. But the idea is not exactly of what may be termed very recent growth; it may be said, metaphorically speaking, to have originated when Adam and Eve moved out of the Garden of Eden; and, through the undulating experiences which most of us have gone through, it has become somewhat too familiar to be a genuine novelty. Still, if properly cultivated, it doubtless has great dramatic possibilities, and if care be taken to show that the active participant should change places with the silent one—in other words, that the positions of the kicker and the kickees should be reversed—it will be wonderfully true to life. There are quite a number of people in Toronto who have been kicking their betters through the length and breadth of this city quite long enough; and if the stage will only teach them to modify their conduct, having in view the fact that they may be called upon some day to change places with their victims, we shall learn to tolerate, for the sake of the high moral lesson involved, the short but vigorous gentleman with the eloquent feet in his onslaught upon the tall, plughatted party in the meek and long-suffering pantaloons.

Robert Mantell and his company played Hamlet Monday night at the Grand. For years Mr. Mantell has stood well with the Toronto public, but more especially has he stood well with the Toronto press. He has always been granted full justice and a little more. But really, such a presentation of Hamlet as was given Monday night cannot be passed over. To begin with, the audience was ridiculously small—so small that no actor could do himself justice. This may have had something to do with the lame production, and the foreknowledge that the production was sure to be lame may have had something to do with the absence of people. Mr. Mantell himself is not a satisfactory Hamlet even when he tries to do his best, but when he is careless he makes a great failure of it. His company is consistently deficient in every character in Hamlet. The company apparently carries little, if any, scenery for Hamlet, and to sum it up, Robert Mantell injures his reputation and his business by playing Hamlet at all under present conditions. He is a fine-looking man; he has a great voice; he can be heroic; but he cannot be sufficiently subtle and intellectual to attempt the role of Hamlet. To put on this great play in the careless, slipshod way that a melodrama is staged, is an offence against art and good sense. Mantell in Monbars, the Corsican Brothers, the Face in the Moonlight, and even in Othello, is satisfactory to the majority of theater-goers. The purpose of the theater is to amuse and entertain the people, and in this Mr. Mantell is more than usually satisfactory. But Hamlet demands something more than this. Depressed by an empty house and the undisguised incompetence of his support, Mr.

Mantell failed to make even that approach to a passable Hamlet of which he is capable.

Mr. Hoyt as the King was troubled with some difficulty of articulation which makes his remarks unintelligible. Mr. Eberle as Polonius was not at all the equal of others who have played the part here, and made some splendid literature commonplace by his reading of it. Miss Behrens as Ophelia might escape censure did she not stride across the stage in the manner peculiar to Mr. Mantell. This stride was once considered the right thing in a tragedian, and Mr. Mantell is free to use it if he cares to, but it is unfeminine and makes Ophelia nothing short of ludicrous. Mr. Denithorne as Laertes has also acquired the same stride, but it is a pleasure to record that Mr. O'Neill as Horatio has so far been able to withstand the contagion. When people come to a first-class theater to play Hamlet they cannot expect the performance to be praised when it is shockingly bad. Mr. O'Neill is not considered great in the same role, yet Mr. Mantell cannot afford, with his company, to follow O'Neill in the same house. Whenever there was applause on Monday night it was Shakespeare who won it, and not the actors, and if Mr. Mantell loses that strong grip upon the Toronto public which he has had for many years, the fault will be his own. The man who tries Hamlet without making a great success of it should drop it at once, for it is not a thing to pound away at indifferently. Unless the players put enthusiasm and soul into it, it proves the flattest kind of a failure.

Of course there is a great deal of humbug about Hamlet. People profess an intellectual insight into it, who perhaps never read it at all. Yet it is the fashion to say, "Hamlet is the hardest play in the world—only a genius should attempt it, and I don't think I could bear to see him try it." Parrots repeat this, and so only the man whose fame is at its zenith can profitably stage the piece. Mr. Mantell will be wise to drop Hamlet and get up some new translations of French romantic drama.

An evening of magic and mystery was given on Tuesday evening last at St. George's Hall, Elm street, by Signor Blitz (Mr. Joseph Youngheart) before a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Youngheart's sleight-of-hand tricks were marvelously well done, and his performance on the whole places him in the front rank of present-day wizards. In the supposed exposure of the cabinet tricks of the Davenport Brothers and Miss Anna Eva Fay, Mr. Youngheart was assisted by Mr. Pedro Jenson. The secret of the cabinet tricks was exposed at the close of the performance, and consisted in showing that the committee of citizens were fooled in the final knot, the only one tied by the professor, which proved to be a slip-knot, and allowed the medium the almost free use of his hands and arms. The remainder of a most enjoyable programme consisted of musical selections by Mme. Adele Strauss Youngheart, Mr. C. E. Musgrave, Mr. George Maurice, Mr. John E. Turton, Mr. H. M. Bennett and Mr. Ed. Youngheart.

The other night at the Grand two men sat behind two ladies who wore hats. "Well," said one of the men in a voice that could be heard by everyone within ten yards, "we shan't see much of the show behind these scandalous hats." The ladies did not remove their hats, but they were miserable all evening. This sort of thing occurs almost every night, and it is surprising that women continue to subject themselves to insult in this matter. The lady who wears a hat of any kind at the theater—unless at a matinee, where ladies are privileged—is in the wrong and invites the impertinent comments of men whose rights are interfered with. But those small little bits of hats which some ladies use when not in evening dress are permissible and in good taste. Last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto Opera House a lady was asked to remove her hat but indignantly refused. The unwritten law governing the matter permits the wearing of hats at matinees, and so the lady was within her rights.

The other day I had a glance over the list of fixtures booked for the Grand Opera House for the next couple of months, and am free to say that a lot of fine attractions are coming here in rapid succession. When the season is over we shall be able to look back and say that we have seen Willard, Beerbohm Tree, John Hare and Chevalier from London, Yvette Guilbert from Paris, and all the leading American stars with two or three exceptions. Looking over the list I think that it is safe to say that the Grand has not had so many good attractions for several years, and the best of it is that of the real good things Hare and Chevalier are the only ones that are not awaiting us in the near future.

Mr. Harry M. Bennett, one of the jolliest of our professional comic singers, gives a concert in West Association Hall, Tuesday, December 8. Mr. Bennett will be assisted by half a dozen well known people, and the concert should be an extra good one. Of Mr. Bennett the Hamilton Spectator last week said: "Mr. H. M. Bennett is a new-comer in the comic song line. He showed himself a capable entertainer. His songs were free from coarseness and his by-play was quite funny. He is several points ahead of some of the comic vocalists who have appeared here."

In St. Andrew's Hall on Thanksgiving night, a concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of St. Mary's church proved quite a treat. *Tableaux vivants* by eight pretty young ladies were delightful. The success of the concert was largely due to Misses Smith, Bertha Clarke, Petley and Bero, and Messrs. D. Egan, Bert Harvey and Wood Bros.

Bert Coote, who has been starring in The New Boy for the past two years, and who is well remembered here as the principal comedian in former seasons with Frank Daniels, Vernon Jarbeau and Kate Castleton, has associated himself with Nick Long, the comedian. This season they are presenting a comedy adapted from the French entitled The Other Man's Wife, and will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week. The comedy will be preceded by a one-act play called A Soldier of France, written by the author of Shore Acres, Mr. James A. Herne. The scene is laid in

Liverpool in 1840, and Francois le Page, a veteran of Napoleon's wars, who lives in the remembrance of by-gone campaigns and glories in the possession of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, is the principal character, and will be portrayed by Mr. Nick Long.

The Metropolitan Grand English Opera Company at the Grand Opera House next week should prove a first-class attraction. It is very highly spoken of.

## SPORTING COMMENT

It is infinitely to the credit of those who play Rugby that a game so complicated and so rough can be played without frequent and unseemly rows with the referees. The referee must decide so many points, and his decisions may mean so much, that one would not be surprised if frequent wrangles occurred. It is admitted that no referee can see all that occurs, and so he makes many mistakes, but it is assumed that he is as fair and as observant as possible, and it is one of the principles of the game that it is bad form to squeal, and so Rugby men acquire a self-mastery that is just about phenomenal. The men who have been particularly successful this year as referees are: Messrs. Ballantyne, D'Arcy Martin, Alexis Martin, and Bailey. For eleven years Mr. Bailey has been almost supreme among referees. He is quick and most decisive and will not condescend to argument. The proposal that referees shall be paid for their services seems a very fair one, and almost necessary. If the four gentlemen named were appointed official referees, with the right accorded the teams to choose one of the four for any game, and in the failure of choice, the Union to appoint one of them, things would go much smoother next year. With the great "gates" drawn by Rugby, with the long distances to be traveled, with the adverse criticism that a referee must expect, and with the work that he must do, there should be the recompense of salary. By this means we should soon get a better quality of refereeing.

The statement comes from Ottawa that the College players will practice the American game of Rugby as well as the Canadian next year in order to be prepared for the proposed international match with Princeton. This is all right, but when too many irons are put in the fire, trouble often results. The game will only be interesting if Ottawa College again wins the Canadian championship next year. Father Fallon's stalwarts seem abundantly able to do it, yet it would be wise to play the Canadian game particularly and the other incidentally, for Princeton may not come to scratch. In any game of the kind Princeton would risk much without any considerable prospect of gain.

The Bank of Commerce Rugby team defeated the Imperial Bank team 14-1 last Saturday at Rosedale. The game was a most interesting one to witness.

Out in Missouri the legislators are threatening to pass a law at the coming session of the State Legislature, making Rugby a felony of the same class as prize-fighting. Senator Young of Missouri is credited with saying that unless this is done he will urge the repeal of the law against prize-fighting. This is all a hoax, no doubt, or else the quality of Rugby put up in Missouri is very different from our game. Or perhaps the scheme is to have the ban removed from prize-fighting.

Hockey has taken a firm hold in the towns of Western Ontario, and if the playing in that part of the country has improved in proportion with the increase in the interest taken in the game, the Eastern Ontario clubs, who have in the past rather overshadowed those of the West, may look forward to close and exciting contests for the championship of the O. H. A. Last year a Western and an Eastern club, viz., Stratford and Queen's respectively, came together in the finals, and although Queen's won rather easily there may be a different tale to tell this year.

The Toronto Junior Hockey League has organized with an increased membership. Last year's champions, the Wellingtons, will have the bulk of their team on the ice again.

The great bugbear of Toronto teams this year is the want of proper rink accommodation. This has been felt in the past, but never so severely as this year, there being only two covered rinks available among some fifteen or twenty teams. We badly need a large covered rink, with comfortable club rooms, etc., and I think if one was built and run on proper business principles it would pay. The Bank League will play at the Victoria Rink this season.

Many people reviled the weather Monday night, but in the skating rinks of the city there were eager crowds putting on skates and hurrying out stones for curling. When a curler sees for the first time in the year a sheet of ice on which there is not even a pencil mark, he almost sobs with delight. It means so much to him—and a whole winter of it! And that ice should introduce itself on St. Andrew's night was clearly a direct dispensation. Curlers, or skaters, or both, were out at the Granite, Prospect Park, Victoria, Caledonian and other rinks.

One of the finest Association football games of the season was played last Saturday afternoon on Varsity campus between Varsity and Osgoode Hall. About one thousand people were present and found the game extremely exciting. Osgoode scored the first goal, but Varsity managed to put the ball through the flags four times, and so won the trophy after a hard contest, in which much brilliant play was shown. Mr. W. S. McLay acted as referee, and the teams were:

Varsity (4)—Goal, Armstrong; backs, Munroe, McKinley; halves, Jackson, Gibson, French; forwards, Sinclair, Wrenn, Patterson, Cooper and Dickson.

Osgoode Hall (4)—Goal, Brown; backs, Merrick, Little; halves, Elliott, Burns, Knox; forwards, Hay, Graham, Moss, Porter and Hayes.

The Cornwall Hockey Club favors the forma-

tion of an Eastern district league including all clubs east of Brockville, and if possible including the Valleyfield and Huntingdon clubs across the Quebec boundary. J. S. Rayside, late of Queen's, will captain Cornwall this year, and D. J. Tobin acts as secretary.

The officers of the Toronto Junior Hockey League are as follows: Patron, His Honor the Lieut.-Governor; hon. president, Senator Cox; president, A. A. Macdonald; vice-president, W. B. Lillie; secretary, F. R. Spence; treasurer, W. H. Lamonte; committee, Fitzgibbons, Gale, Darling and Jack.

The T. A. C. Hockey Club has elected these officers: Hon. president, G. H. Gooderham; president, R. K. Barker; first vice-president, P. Stevenson; second vice-president, J. M. McKenzie; committee, C. K. Temple, F. Nolan, W. B. Lillie, H. Johnson, J. B. McMurich.

C. E. Nourse will captain the Collingwood hockey team this year, and the secretary is H. Trotter, jr. The Collegiate Institute of the same town has also again organized a team, of which W. Casey is captain, and J. Gibb secretary.

F. A. Parker is captain of the Brampton Hockey Club, and G. S. Wissler secretary. Of the Listowel club G. A. Fraser is captain, and W. H. Climie secretary.

Mr. George S. Lyon, the leading Rosedale cricketer, holds perhaps the highest batting average in Canada this year; to his credit must be placed the biggest score ever made in this country in a single innings, and one day last week he made the golf record of the Rosedale links. It was in the handicap competition for the club medal, and he won it. He went out in 38 strokes, in 40, and so went over the links in 78 strokes. This, as I have said, is a record performance. Mr. Lyon is also an expert tennis player and quite a fist at baseball.

There is nothing in the world so easily lost as a cricket score-book. I had intended publishing a complete table of the batting and bowling averages of the leading cricket clubs this week, last week's tables being incomplete because certain score-books could not be found. Those books are lost yet. The Parkdale, Rosedale and Hamilton secretaries have each notified me that they would cheerfully oblige me, but that "one of our score-books is missing." It was hoped that the lost would be found in time for to-day's paper, but not so. If this falls under the eye of anyone who knows where one of these three books is to be found, he will hear of something to his advantage by writing the secretary of the club to which it belongs. When a score-book is lost the players' averages have to be guessed at or go unrecorded, and it is satisfactory to a man, after he has given up the game, to possess a record of his performances and the rank he held.

The London Sportsman states that Lord Hawke has accepted an invitation to take out a cricket team to Trinidad and British Guiana early in 1897.

## Evidences of Prosperity.

Jaspar—Jones must be getting along better and making money now.  
Jumpuppie—Why?  
Jaspar—He owes me money and he dodges out of my way now, instead of meeting me brazenly as he used to.

## Not a Thing for Wise Men.

N. Y. Truth.

"Father," quoth the young son of Israel, "why must we never seek revenge?"  
"Because, my son," returned the gray-haired Jew, blandly, "you should so manage all your affairs as to leave the other fellow looking for revenge."

## Faithful.

In Mrs. Moulton's Lazy Tours is an amusing incident typical of the too literal German hand-maiden. These *Madchen* are honest as the day and absolutely faithful; but they are of a placid stupidity which it would be hard to match.

I was about to leave Carlsbad, and therefore rules were somewhat relaxed for me; but as I had a slight headache last night I thought I would take a little longer rest in the morning. "Teresa," I said, "I don't want to get up at half-past six to-morrow. Don't call me. Order a warm bath for me at eight o'clock, and call me then."

"Yes, madame, at eight o'clock." She departed, and as she went out of the door, I called, "Not until eight, Teresa!" She vanished with a final, "Yes, madame."

I read late; I was to have a good long sleep in the morning. Had morning come when my door opened? It was so dark I could hardly see Teresa.

"Is it eight o'clock, Teresa?"  
"Oh no, ma'am; it is half-past six."

"But I told you not to call me until eight o'clock!"

"But I don't call madame!" And such a hurt look came into her eyes. "I only bring the hot water that madame has said is always to come at half-past six!"

## Advertisements.

London Mail.

"The 15th October, 1837," said the late Mr. Holloway, "was the first day that my advertisements appeared in any paper. My pills and ointment for a considerable time obtained little or no favor. It was my rule from the commencement to spend judiciously all the money I could spare in publicity. This went on increasing, and in the year 1842 I expended £5,000 in advertising. Time rolled on, and from the hitherto unthought of yearly outlay of £5,000 I increased to £10,000 in the year 1845. At the time of the great exhibition in London in 1851 my expenditure was £20,000, the year 1855 it had risen to £30,000, and in 1877 it cost me £40,000 for advertising my medicine in every available manner throughout the globe." Since then these sums have been left behind; but this story of the way in which Holloway's millions were got together is well worth reading at any time.

## The Fatal Smile.

A Fairy Tale from The Idler.

ONCE on a time, as stories show, There roved this world long long ago A malevolent Sprite whose wicked delight Was to vex and afflict poor mortals below.

By acts of the most malignant spite And every sort of conceivable woe Whose only endeavor seemed how to discover From man every source of enjoyment whatever. And even still when we think of the ill And the sorrow and grief which the world doth fill, This imp even yet, seems to wander at will. Be this as it may—one Christmas day, When the weather was bright and the world was gay,

It entered a house, how, nobody knew And quiet as a mouse, without any ado It found its way to a room, where reposing In innocent slumber a baby lay dozing And all the while unconscious of guile Its little face beamed with a heavenly smile.

The imp drew near with an ominous sneer And said, with a most diabolical leer, "At every time, in every place, Still wear this smile upon your face. Should Fortune frown, or foe beguile, Still wear this everlasting smile."

He then withdrew from mortal view And swiftly out by the chimney flew. And what had happened While in slumber wrapt The baby napp'd No one, not even its mother knew.

Soon, a terrible ache caused the child to awake (It had eaten too much of the Christmas cake) And mother and nurse not knowing the curse, But being beguiled, as the little chap smiled, Gave him more cake and pudding which made him worse.

And all were deceived for no one believed That a child while it smiled could be sickly or grieved.

And as infancy passed into boyhood at last, No one had detected nor even suspected The shadow which over his life had been cast, When at school, with his curious smile-haunted face Amongst his companions he takes his place. But the boys can't make out What he's laughing about, And indignant surprise is expressed in their eyes As they whisper forbodingly, "Wait till we're out!"

Even his teachers, with like indignation, resent Such unseemly, indecorous merriment. So the poor little duffer has only to suffer His pathway through life growing rougher and rougher.

But how may I tell what further befell, For what happened at school happened elsewhere as well, And wherever he went they mistook what he meant, And even at church misdivined his intent, For though really goateering They thought he was jeering.

And said, "It must be at the Church he is sneering!" So with noses in air and a horrified stare At the impious boldness of one who could dare Their faith to deride, in sanctified pride The godly passed by on the other side.

His odious impy shocked their propriety, And they one and all scouted him out of society. Of course this all happened quite long ago, This sort of thing isn't done now, you know, And who could object to their scorn and neglect Of one who had showed such a want of respect? But alas! for the victim (whoever he be) Of the pharisees' pride and malignity.

Christmas morn breaks clear and fair, Christmas bells ring through the air, The snow lies white in the morning light And mirth and gladness are everywhere.

Within the great cathedral pile The anthem swells through the vaulted aisle, As the people raise their songs of praise, And the pealing organ is heard the while.

Who is he? Stretched in the snow On the marble steps at the western door Who can he be? Does nobody know?

The sound of the anthem sweet and clear Faintly falls on his dying ear, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," Joy has come to earth again.

And while the people kneel to pray A broken spirit has passed away.

The service o'er, through the great church door They flock on their way through the world once more; When lo! in the shade of the portal, laid On the spotless bier which the snow had made, "Now who can it possibly be?" they said, "On his white drawn face there is still the trace Of a smile, so gruesome, so out of place—"

"And see!" they said, "he smiles tho' he's dead, What a happy life he must have led."

Ah! often we make A sorry mistake When we think we can trace By a tear or grimace The thoughts of the heart, by the looks of the face.

CYNICUS.

## Ode to Tobacco.

I have a liking old

For thee, though manifold

Stories, I know, are told

Not to thy credit;

How one (or two at most)

Drops make a cat a ghost—

Useless, except to roast—

Doctors have said it;

How they who use fuses

All grow by slow degrees

Brainless as chimpanzees,

Meagre as lizards,

Go mad and beat their wives;

Plunge (after shocking lives)

Razors and carving knives

Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!

Yet know I five or six

Smokers who freely mix

Still with their neighbors,

Jones (who, I'm glad to say,

Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—

Daily absorbs a clay

After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose

Cooked by tobacco-juice:

Still why deny its use

Thoroughly taken?

We're not as tabbies are:

Smith, take a fresh cigar;

Jones, the tobacco-jar!

Here's to thee, Bacon!

## A Comparison.

Washington Star.

The gay chrysanthemum is here once more; Like to the mild sky terrier's shagginess Its unkempt petals loosely wave before The youth who peers above them in distress.

And ruthlessly into his eyes they get; They also tickle him about the nose. A blooming nuisance 'tis, I fancy; and yet Without it none who seeks "the proper" goes.

Oh, humble cabbage, why do none rehearse— Your merits o'er this efforescent cheat? You cost a trifle while it drains the purse; You're also larger and you're good to eat.



## Deer-Hunting Up North.



COUSIN TOM and I decided to join a hunting party which was going north to hunt deer. For several days previous to starting we had been perusing all the game laws we could find which bore on deer-hunting. We found that one of the laws

had been changed this year, viz., the one which related to deer being driven to the water by the dogs and then shot in the water. We agreed that this was a cowardly way to dispose of the noble animal, and also that we would not have killed deer that way even if the law had permitted it.

We both managed to borrow beautiful repeating rifles and all the other requisites for deer-hunting. We each put a manual on rifle shooting in our pockets; we put some bandage linen and a flask in our bags, thinking that perhaps by some chance they both might be needed, and started out for the train where the party was to meet.

After a run of about three or four hours we arrived at our destination. At the small country station where we stopped there were two big wagons and a farmer's cart waiting for us. The tents and other luggage were loaded into the wagons, while the party itself climbed into the cart, which conveyance might have been a wagon, a buggy, or a tally-ho. There were twelve of us in the party, to say nothing of the cook and fourteen dogs.

On the word of command of the captain of the party the caravan moved forward, with the pack of dogs behind yelping and howling like devils possessed. We felt fierce and untamable just then. We moved on for several

fellow's neck, but Jim seized him by the coat-collar and held him at arm's length and swam with him this way to a large log close by. He placed him astraddle of this and left him there looking like a very much scared and half-drowned rat.

There was a laugh on shore, and three of the party who had moved through the woods, being attracted by Tom's shouts, stood on the shore and laughed. Tom said he did not see anything funny in it. He put back to camp as fast as he could without having bagged any deer.

Tom sat over the camp-fire for the rest of the day. Next day Tom and I went out together, a formidable pair. We wandered through the thick and bushy woods for quite a distance. I got separated from Tom in some way and continued to wander around alone. I sat down after a while, for I was tired like Little Red Riding Hood. As I sat there I heard a rustle in the bushes a short distance away. My rifle was at my shoulder in a moment. I watched in the direction I had heard the sound. Suddenly what I thought was a deer's head appeared above a log. Bang! went my rifle. There was a thud on the other side of the log and all was still again.

All at once I grew faint. My knees gave way and I fell against a tree. A horrible fear crept over me as I realized that I had shot Tom.

The more I thought of it the less I was able to move. The color of his cap, a kind of grayish color—but still I thought it must be a deer. If it were Tom he would have heard me and spoken. I was afraid to move—afraid that my horrible fear might prove too true. My courage returned gradually and I moved with steps which were rather shaky, over to the log. I stopped when I reached it, afraid to look over and see poor Tom's face staring at me from the other side. I looked over, and much to my relief and surprise saw a beautiful buck lying dead.

Just then the bushes were pushed aside and Tom appeared.

"I heard the shot," he said, "and thought

## One Hundred Years Ago.

NOWADAYS when so many men know their uneventful lives will afford nothing worthy the biographer after their death, they take care to secure him before, and no one need despair, for he has perfected his calling by division of labor and he cheerfully arranges the biographies handed in by his subscribers, recording as done what they say they have done, and giving them often more than that military Titan, Napoleon, foresaw for himself—"half a page of history."

But a hundred years will play sad pranks with the subscription book, and the subscribers long ere that will be forgotten.

"That's Bunker Hill," says the Bostonian proudly to the Cockney tourist. "And who was Bunker?" asks that human cock-sparrow. Right about us, here in Ontario, we know how the last hundred years teemed with stirring events, but the actors are quiet enough now.

One centenarian, recalling many bloody deeds of rapine and murder, and whose hundredth year would have gone by perhaps unnoticed, is here now, and for the present has found shelter in the Public Library. Yet this unobtrusive and weather-worn native of what is now Essex, Ont., once made over a little principality to H.B.M. King George III., splendid land, wood and water, and the poor old king was glad enough to get it, having lost, much to his surprise and through his own foolishness, a great deal of very valuable property a short time before.

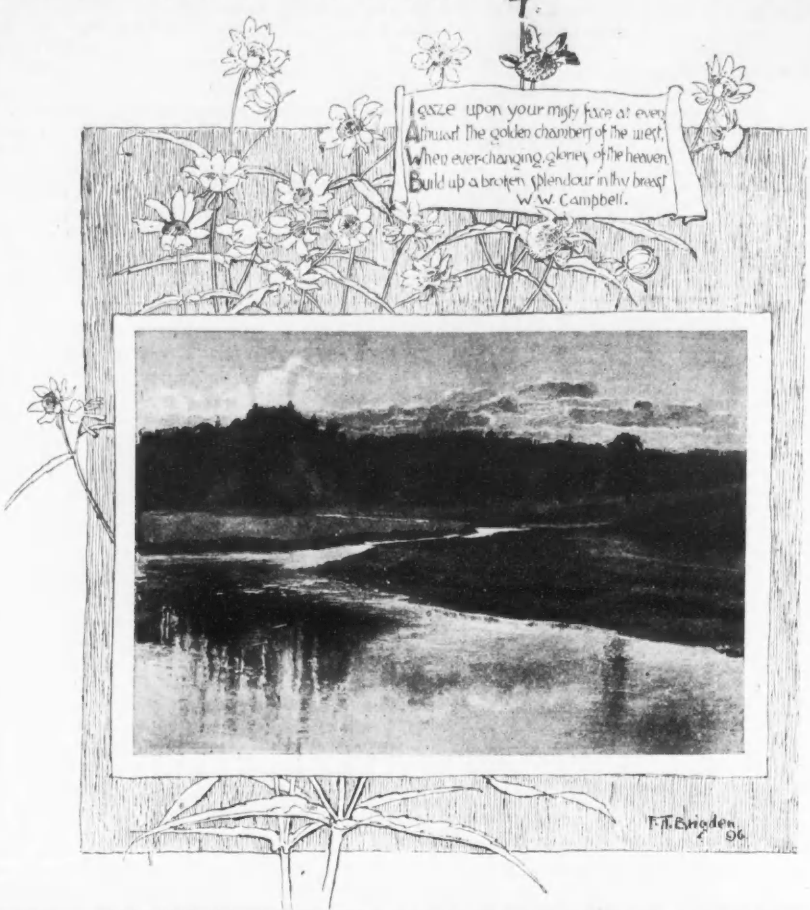
The block of land conveyed by the old pensioner in the Library is twelve and a half miles square, "from a hickory tree" about the Detroit River and Chancery Ecarté, and the consideration, eight hundred pounds (\$800), in goods at the current rate in Montreal. The old pensioner is the deed or conveyance which hangs in the Library lobby and bears the signatures of chiefs who ranged with Pontiac and slew in the ardor of the chase, often in cold blood, and with horrid and prolonged atrocity, many a captive, young and old. Not a pleasant class of men to have to do with, according to Parkman and the Detroit historians, but there they are on the old deed—Neglig, Waupenousa, Witaness, Kiashke, Wasson—their totems, all we have left of them; and a



Neglig, Waupenousa, Witaness, Kiashke, Wasson.

good job too, for much as we may deplore their fate, their ways were not ours, and Pontiac—shrewd, sagacious and patriotic—was a treacherous old rascal who thought it virtue to be so. The eventful years seem to stand like milestones in our history and shorten the time—1806, 1837, 1812, 1776, 1763, 1760, 1759; for 13th September, 1760, just a year after the Jack was hoisted at Quebec, Major Rogers and his two hundred Rangers left Montreal in fifteen whale-boats to reduce Fort Detroit—still French. How slowly news traveled we know, because the Indians they met at old Fort Frontenac had heard nothing of the change a year before. Salmon, too, came up then from the sea to our own lake, for "they found fifty Indians taking salmon" from a river running into Lake Ontario (I wonder which stream). Continuing west to Toronto, they cross to Niagara, reft—"boots, moccasins, blankets"—and away westward, along the north shore of Lake Erie, but near the mouth of the Detroit river come runners, envoys from Pontiac, "the king of that country," who duly arrives, and being assured it was only the fort at Detroit they wished to subject, and not the tribes, consented to friendship, agreeing to call King George "his uncle," but we know he was a singularly unruly nephew, and soon after Rogers had done his work and Major Gladwyn was in command at Detroit, with his 140 men, we find him shutting them up and beleaguering them for more than a year, and very nearly

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finishing off his "cousins," Gladwyn and the rest, by that friendly social visit when he went wearing short guns under blankets.

Every schoolboy knows the value of correct deportment, and how well Pontiac behaved himself when the drum rolled, and he noticed that those guns—those two six-pounders and that one little three-pounder—had their eye on him, darkly, and were looking just where his sixty men stood with the short guns under their blankets. Whether Pontiac expressed the hope that he would meet Major Gladwyn again, whether the Major replied as Carlyle did at a similar wish from a bore, "And I hope, sir, I shall never see you again," we do not know, but his visitors went out and immediately killed some defenceless settlers, shaking the scalps at their late host, and with his Ottawas, his Pottawatamies, and the help of his friend Wasson (see the old deed) and his two hundred Ojibways he managed to do a great deal of mischief, making many a captive for slow torture. A mile and a half up the river you can find the trace of "Bloody Run," the ambush into which the little garrison was tempted, and nineteen killed and forty-two wounded. Then there was that lacrosse game (this old document reminds one of so much)—"Baggatiway" they called it—"the bat four feet long with a racket," the winning posts or goals "a mile apart," the game as we play it. But in June, 1763, when our old chief Wasson and his band of Chippawas challenged the Sacs at Mackinac he was thought to have the best of it, for "Major Etherington backed him with a wager," and I daresay enjoyed the game, but when the band rushed into the fort after the ball, which went over the stockade, strange shouts, yells and curses rose out of the stour, and running out came the wild players; their game was over, the Chippawas had won. The major's scalp dangled with many others, and seventy dead Englishmen lay about the sword with

Kate, the domesticated Indian beauty who warned the garrison, having become fond of rum, tumbled into a kettle of boiling sap—verbum sap—and died.

bloody heads. Then Alexander Henry got in among the sap troughs and the "captive Pawnee woman" covered him up so that he lived to write the letters now preserved, and Wasson, he, too, did at least one thing creditable when he signed, sealed and delivered to Alex. McKee, Deputy Superintendent General of Indian affairs, the old document which hangs on the wall, and that was a hundred years ago September 7, 1766. QUIT.

## The Language of Quebec.

ONE reason why the Englishman does not care about learning French is that he masters the difficulties of pronunciation very slowly. He is extremely sensitive to ridicule, and does not try to speak the language for fear of being laughed at. The Frenchman does not care; if he is laughed at he shrugs his shoulders and laughs himself, but does not stop; he goes at it again and again. He will spend a month in trying to pronounce "blacksmith." As a rule he never does it properly. The Englishman says, "Why should I learn French? My language is dominant; and if it is not in Quebec, it soon will be, so I am not going to bother." He thinks, too, it is a bit perplexing and quotes Tom Hood:

"Chaises" stand for chairs,  
They christen letters "billies,"  
They call their mothers "mares"  
And all their daughters "fillies."

In Quebec for every Englishman speaking French there are ten French trying to speak English, and the mixture is a bit curious, as many English words have been introduced into their vocabularies. The Quebec French-Canadian talks of "les voteurs," and speaks on "le hustings." When the budget is presented in the Ottawa Parliament, articles are called "les items;" "les permis" are called "les licenses;" "dispositions" are "les provisions." Ministers do not send in their "demission," but their "resignation," and make "des apologies" instead of "des excuses." The following words are now used in Canada instead of the original French:

"Typewriter" is "typewriteur" or "type-writeuse"; "lettres typewrites" for "type-written letters"; the English words: "balance," instead of "difference," "discount" instead of "escompte," "private secretary" is "prive" instead of "particulier," "contracteur" instead of "entrepreneur." The following words have been adopted without any change: Self-made man, gentleman, yacht, lunch, policeman, and plum-pudding.

In traveling, too, the French-Canadian must have English. He goes to the "cab-stand" instead of "place de fiacres." He takes a "ticket" instead of a "billet." He boards "le char" (car) instead of "le waggon." He hears the conductor say "All aboard" instead of "enbarquez," and actually gets his luggage "checked." He pronounces some words badly; "adidou?" does duty for "How do you do?" and "slipeur" means a "railway sleeper."

The Englishman airing his few words in French is the source of much fun. One young man carried a little dictionary and referred to it in supreme moments. He said quickly to a cabman, "Avez-vous fiancée?" "Mais oui, monsieur, j'ai une femme de six." He gazed in amazement and spent a considerable time before he found out that "fiancée" meant "sweetheart." Some people think that this dual language is making a fool of both races, and that the English of the cars and the other officials of the city of Montreal is very little better than the "pidgin English" of the Chinaman. I suppose the end will be a survival of the fittest, and commerce won't have French. W. B. L.

Quebec, Nov., 1896.

Lady—Mr. Dubois, I shall feel obliged if you will kindly settle a wager. My husband says it is only fifty feet from here to the beach, and I say it is a hundred. Mr. Dubois—Well, I think you are both right. It's about a hundred of your feet and fifty of your husband's.

Mr. Freshman—I am told that the wind blows quite strongly here at times. Prominent Citizen—Well, yes, that is so. I've known it to blow for twelve days and nights on a stretch and hold a sheep up against the side of a barn, fourteen feet from the ground, all that time, and never once let him fall.



One Day's Shooting.

hours and disembarked on the shores of a pretty, rocky lake.

The drivers of the wagon took a "horn" and departed, and the tents were pitched. Tom and I did not know much about pitching tents, consequently we had not much to do. We sat around and smoked. So far we had got along swimmingly and we tried to feel like old bush-rangers.

Early next morning we all started out in little bunches, some taking the woods, others going in canoes. Tom and another chap called Big Jim, started out in a canoe. They paddled along for miles without any accident or without seeing any deer. They came to some snaggy water, and as they were passing through it their canoe caught on a snag and upset. As a natural consequence they both were precipitated into the water. Tom could not swim. When he came to the surface he spluttered and splashed around, beating wildly with his hands, and when he saw Big Jim quietly

that you were lost and signaling for help.

"No," I said, "I have just shot a beautiful buck. Look at it."

Tom looked, and looked surprised. I did not tell him that I had mentally lived through an awful tragedy of which he was the victim.

That night in camp I was the center of a group who listened eagerly to my story of my chase and capture of the beautiful buck. After that I was content to rest on my laurels. It was the last animal as well as the first I shot during the trip. Tom did not shoot any. He could shoot through a forest and never hit a tree. When we broke camp we found that altogether the party had shot twenty-two deer. Now when we describe this trip to our friends there is one experience which Tom leaves out, and one, part of which I leave out.

D. GAME SPORT.

## The Dogs of St. Hubert.

The author of an Englishman in Paris, writing in the *Illustrated London News*, tells an interesting story explaining the origin of a ceremony that used to be observed by the Conde's of Chantilly. At the opening of the hunting season there was celebrated a mass for the repose of the dogs of St. Hubert, the sportsman's patron. The origin of this ceremony was as follows:

In 1688 or '89 the Grand Dauphin, Louis of France, the son of Louis XIV., paid a visit to the son of the great Conde, just as his father had been the guest of the famous captain. On the former occasion the fish did not arrive, and the renowned Vatel killed himself in despair. On the latter occasion there was no venison to set before the royal guest. For more than a fortnight previous to the Dauphin's arrival the stag intended to grace the banquet had eluded all pursuit. One morning the Prince de Conde sent for his chief huntsman. All the Prince's hopes were centered in the Nestor of the pack, a hound called Faro. To the Prince's consternation he was told that Faro had unaccountably disappeared since the night before. The Prince was tearing his hair and ploughing the carpet with his spurs when the news was brought that the stag was below in the courtyard. The news was true; the stag was there, stretched on a litter of foliage and branches, and by its side lay its victor, Faro; both were stark dead. Some peasants had found the stag lifeless and Faro dying.

## A Witty Archbishop.

A priest who was notorious for his frequent absences from his parish one day called upon Archbishop Ryan to ask for a vacation. His health required it, he said.

"Do the physicians say that you need a change of air?" asked the prelate.

"They do, your grace."

"Then how would it do for you to try the air of your parish for a month or two?"

At another time the archbishop rebuked a priest for wearing a disreputable-looking silk hat. "But I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest; "it belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "Ah," was the archbishop's retort, "and evidently he fell on the hat."



"Tom and I started."

swimming, as he thought, away, he gave a wild cry of despair. Tom got quite excited and kept his arms going like a windmill. Jim swam over to him, and Tom, who had sunk under the water, now appeared above it again, his head bobbing out like a cork. He made a wild lunge and emptied to throw his arms around the burly



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### Sailings for Mediterranean

Steamers	From	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive
	N. York	Gibraltar	Naples	Genoa
Fulda	Dec. 30	Jan. 8	Jan. 11	Jan. 12
Columbia	Jan. 5	Jan. 13	Jan. 17	Jan. 16
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 21	Jan. 22
Werra	Jan. 16	Jan. 25	Jan. 28	Jan. 29
Ems	Jan. 23	Feb. 1	Feb. 4	Feb. 5
Furubismarck	Jan. 29	Feb. 6	Feb. 10	Feb. 11
Fulda	Feb. 6	Feb. 14	Feb. 18	Feb. 19
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 25	Feb. 26
Ems	Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 4	Mar. 5
Werra	Feb. 27	Mar. 6	Mar. 10	Mar. 11
Furubismarck	Mar. 6	Mar. 15	Mar. 18	Mar. 19

Steamers call at Algiers.

### SPECIAL CRUISE—NEW YORK TO EGYPT.

Leave New York	Ar. Gibraltar	Ar. Alexandria
Columbia, Jan. 5	Jan. 13	Jan. 20
Werra, Jan. 16	Jan. 25	Mar. 1
Ems, Jan. 23	Feb. 1	Mar. 8
Furubismarck, Jan. 29	Feb. 6	Mar. 14
Fulda, Feb. 6	Feb. 14	Mar. 21
Kaiser Wilhelm II., Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Mar. 28
Ems, Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 30
Werra, Feb. 27	Mar. 6	Apr. 6

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New York, Southampton (London), Bremen.

Speed, Dec. 15, 10; Havre, Dec. 21, 10.

Lahn, Dec. 22, 10; Antwerp, Jan. 5, 10.

Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

### International Navigation Co.'s Lines

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London)—Paris

New York, Dec. 9, 10; St. Louis, Dec. 30, 10.

St. Louis, Dec. 16, 10; St. Louis, Jan. 6, 11.

Paris, Dec. 23, 10; St. Louis, Jan. 13, 11.

### RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP

SOUTHAMPTON—Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1 p.m.

NOORDLAND—Wednesday, Dec. 16, noon

FRIESLAND—Wednesday, Dec. 23, noon

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### Anecdotal.

A Mr. Hawke was entertaining a shooting party at lunch when he observed a poacher crossing his turnip field. "Halloa, you there!" he cried. "Stop." Unconcerned, the man pursued the even tenor of his way. "Stop, you there! Don't you hear? You are trespassing on my ground. My name is Hawke." "Ah, well," replied the man, "you are not the bird I am looking for." And on he walked, to the intense amusement of the company and the chagrin of Mr. Hawke.

A man engaged as a journeyman builder in Bolton, says an English exchange, was lately told by a friend that, on account of the slackness of work in his trade during the winter, he ought to put by a sum when in full work, in case he should be thrown out of work in the winter. The man thought a bit and then replied: "Aw know a chap as once saved about twelve pawns agen the frost com, and the frost never did com that winter, an' he had all that brass thrown on his hands!"

Lord B—was an Irish landlord, but, unlike some of his class, he was not an "absentee." He was considered, however, to be very hard and grasping, consequently he was not held in high esteem by his tenantry. Whilst out walking one day he observed one of his tenants sowing something in a field, and, stepping up to him, said: "Well, Denis, I see you are sowing, but according to your idea I'm the individual who will reap the crop." "Troth, me lord," replied Denis, "and I hope ye will. 'It's himp I'm sowing'!"

At an Armenian meeting in the East End of London a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Benn related its seriousness by the relation of an incident at once grotesque and pathetic. At a Salvation Army meeting recently, he said, a fervent Salvationist prayed with all the intensity of his faith, that God would "break the Sultan's proud heart," with a view, of course, to the conversion of the barbarous Abdul. The prayer was interrupted by an additional petition from one of the devout company, and it ran thus: "Oh, God! break his neck."

That eccentric but kind-hearted judge, Sir James Allan Parke, acquired, among other inconvenient habits, a trick of thinking aloud. One day, when trying an old woman for stealing faggots, he unconsciously ejaculated: "Why, one faggot is as like another faggot as one egg is like another egg!" The counsel defending the prisoner caught the aside, and naturally made a strong point of it in his defence. "Stop! stop!" cried the Judge. "It is an intervention of Providence. This was the very thought that passed through my own mind. Gentlemen, acquit the prisoner."

Metternich, the great Austrian statesman, owed to a single game of whist the greatest sorrow of his life. One evening, while he was engaged in his favorite game, an express arrived with despatches from Galicia. He placed the papers on the mantelpiece, and went on playing all that night and far into the morning. When the party broke up he was horrified to learn that upon his immediate reply to the despatches depended the fate of two thousand innocent persons. Had Metternich loved whist less passionately, history had never recorded the infamous Galician massacre.

Several years ago in Elora, Ont., there was a man who was a very pronounced Reformer in politics. In his opinion the leaders of his own side were saints, while the Conservative leaders were men who should all be in the penitentiary. He called every day at the village newspaper office to read the *Globe*, which he held in something like reverence. On one occasion some village wags cut the headings off the *Globe* and carefully pasted them on the *Mail*, which was then the Tory organ. The village politician came along as usual and picked up his paper,

put on his glasses and began to read. Soon he was observed to stroke his chin reflectively, and a moment later pulled off his glasses and wiped them slowly with his handkerchief. Then he examined the headings on the paper to see that it was really the *Globe*. Reassured he began reading again, but soon exclaimed, "Bless my soul! Bless my heart and soul!" and turned the paper back and forward until he came to a page on which the conspirators had neglected to alter the date line at the top. He saw through the trick at last and haughtily withdrew. Up to the day of his death he never forgave the men who had tampered with his most sacred feelings. The joke is still current among the old residents of Wellington county.

### An Incurable Cured.

After Treatment in Canada's Best Hospital Had Failed.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record—Ten Years of Intense Suffering From Acute Rheumatism—The Whole Body Contracted and Out of Shape in Every Limb—Again Restored to Active Life.

From the Newmarket Advertiser.

We suppose there is not a resident of Newmarket who does not know Mr. J. A. Moffatt, who does not know of his years of suffering, and who has not heard of his release from a life of helplessness and pain through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed we doubt if in the annals of medicine there is a more remarkable restoration than has been accomplished in Mr. Moffatt's case, and he deems it his duty to mankind to make the facts known through the columns of the *Advertiser*.

Ten years ago Mr. Moffatt was working in the Newmarket Hat Factory. Through the influence of the damp room, and possibly some carelessness in regard to his health, he was attacked with a severe cold which eventually settled in his limbs. For some years he was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatic pains and spent much money in treatment for the trouble, but with no result beyond an occasional temporary release from pain. Finally to make matters worse he was attacked with malaria and rheumatic fever. He was then forced to go to the Toronto



general hospital when it was found that he was afflicted with torticollis (wry neck). During the first six months in the hospital he was under the treatment of the staff electrician, but the powers of electricity entirely failed, and after a consultation of physicians it was deemed advisable to perform an operation. Six weeks later a second operation was performed. The operations proved successful only in so far as they afforded temporary relief. He remained in the hospital from November, 1880, till January 1892, and with all the modern remedies and appliances known to the staff of that well equipped institution no permanent relief could be obtained. He was then advised to go home, partly in the hope that the change might prove beneficial, but instead he continually grew worse, and in March, 1892, was again forced to take to his bed, and those who knew of his condition did not believe he had long to live. At this time every joint in his body was swollen and distorted, and he suffered the most excruciating agony. If a person walked across his bedroom it intensified the pain as though he was being pierced and torn with knives, and if touched he would scream aloud with agony. In this state of hopeless suffering he remained bedfast for eighteen months, all the while using all manner of medicines from which relief might be hoped for. Then he was put under the treatment of a celebrated Toronto specialist, but with no better result. After this last experiment failed, he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time discontinuing all other treatment. At the end of three months there was a very noticeable improvement in his condition, and so much so that his mother thought he could be lifted outside. He was still so weak, however, that he was only able to remain up a few minutes as before. When taken back to bed he felt a sudden tingling sensation going up from his toes and through his joints and spine. The next morning when he awoke the pain had left the body and lodged in the arms, and then for some weeks the pain flitted from place to place in the arms and then disappeared, and he has not had a particle of pain since. All this time he was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and slowly but surely regaining his strength. Then an invalid's chair was procured, and he was wheeled out; eventually he was able to wheel himself about. The continued use of the Pink Pills constantly added to his strength, and then the chair was discarded for crutches, and then the crutches for a cane. At this time (September, 1895) Mr. Moffatt had so far recovered that he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Advertiser*, and procuring a horse and buggy he was engaged as local reporter for the paper. The once utterly helpless invalid is now able to go about and to get in and out of his buggy without any assistance and is at his post of duty whenever called upon.

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies failed. With such marvelous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it "cures when other medicines fail."

### Between You and Me.

THERE are certain types of women which I cannot meet with unruffled equanimity, and the one which catches me napping oftenest is the censorious type—that impudent and subtly self-satisfied judge of us all, who is upon the bench by her own vote and who prates away about "I think," and "I should imagine," and such like first-person-singular remarks, riding her hobby-horse over the necks of long-suffering humanity, like the egotistical dunderhead that she is. I am always ashamed when she riles me before she amuses me. The inquisitive woman is like nettles to me, and I pray not for strength to resist, but for the blessing of not being led into her snares. She'll ask you about anything, from the price of your hat to the habits of your husband, or other people's hats and hubbies, if she thinks you by any chance may know. And then there is the limpet kind of a woman. She will fasten herself upon you with a grip that nothing but death can emulate. They say one can fight off even death by sheer will-power, but I do not believe one can shake off the limpet woman unless one emigrates, and then she is liable to turn up in Hong Kong and hang on to one afresh. There is also the striving woman, who is eager-eyed and lined about the mouth, struggling to make a ten-dollar impression with a ten-cent capital. She tells you of invitations she doesn't care to accept, and wonders why certain people call upon her, and refers vaguely to her financial responsibilities, and confidentially asks advice about men friends, and lies, and lies, to impress you with her quality. These four types are to be found in every set, though the censorious and the limpet types don't often crop up in refined circles. The true lady has learned first of all to be kind, and there is an unwritten law which forbids sponging in good society. The sponger is a marked man or woman, as the case may be, and the atmosphere about him gradually sinks the mercury of friendship to freezing point, then to zero, and the sponger is fast in the ice of Coventry. As for the inquisitive woman, well, she is always with us. 'A very noble lady asked me quite the rudest question I ever didn't reply to, and I have had to parry embarrassing queries from querists who were very "queer" in the widest interpretation of the word. As to the pretender, the humbug, the falsifier, they live everywhere that ambition and imagination rule the woman-soul to its ruin, and one must forbear telling them one's estimate, for they make worse enemies than they do friends.

I had a very pretty compliment for you all, you Canadian women, a few weeks ago, which was all the sweeter in that it wasn't intended for one. A clever and delightful man, was discoursing to me of the American woman, and praising her for her force, her will, her courage. "She knows what she wants, and she will have it," he said in deliberate and admiring tones. "No matter what it costs her, it's her fancy she will give up anything sooner than deny herself. Now, you Canadian women say, 'I mustn't do this,' or 'I shouldn't do that,' or 'What would people say?' And you know what you want, but because of all your hesitations and nonsense and pretense, you are afraid of securing and enjoying it. It's just your affectation, and you know it!" The suddenness of the tirade took my breath away for one little moment, and then I was proud, with a glow that did me good, and I smiled genially on the man who spoke impatiently and dared me to deny his assertions. "Right, as usual," I said, and I made him a curtsy. "I don't know whether the American women are quite as emancipated as you say, but the real woman never lived and was perfect who had not learned to want something cruelly hard, and for some sake to deny herself that something. The souls of us grow with growing-pains. My dear man, haven't you felt them yet?" And the man who is far cleverer than I, and yet so blind one way, tossed off his champagne and said scornfully, "Tsch! you are all cowards!" I wonder whether he will ever get his convincing?

"I never apologized in my life!" said a handsome woman with a bridle neck and a tilted chin. "I don't do things which demand apologies." Everybody isn't like her, I fancy! Some people go around with an expression so deprecating that they seem eternally offering an apology for living; some people apologize for their appearance, some for their weaknesses, some for their faults of omission or commission; we hear lots of such apologies, and somehow they don't mend matters. Half of these apologies are affectation at all events. The creature who breaks an appointment or is late for a dinner apologizes with a latent spark of unrepentant amusement at your chagrin, which is in the highest degree exasperating; there is a sort of "last straw" about the apology of the bore, who with long-winded twaddle or trashy letter takes up your time on your busy day; and the apology of the cheeky acquaintance who demands some preposterous service of you is strongly provocative of personal violence, which, in the sanctum, might easily take the form of ink-bottles or paper-weights in perpetration.

There are apologies which are veiled insults. "I hope you weren't foolish enough to mind what I said," was one of such, which was calmly returned by an imperturbable remark, "I never mind what you say," delivered in carefully iced syllables. "I shouldn't have told you that story, it was a trifle off color, but you don't mind," said another apologetic idiot. "What story? I've quite forgotten it. Mamma, dear, here's Mr. de Smutt with a new story. Let us have it, please. Mamma loves stories," said the young woman who longed to hit him, and enjoyed his stutters and stammers to Mamma as he endeavored to think of a story that it would be wise to substitute for his lamentable break. "I really must apologize for looking such a fright," said a woman who had been too indolent to spruce up a bit for a caller. "Pray don't. I'm sure you look just as usual," said the wicked thing sweetly.

LADY GAY.  
 Jack—Well, did you propose last night? Tom—Must have done it. I know I meant to do it, and I know we're engaged, so whatever I said must have been all right.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LAURA.—A dozen times have I said I will not do as you ask.

ANXIETY.—Fortunately, a love-letter of the old school did come to hand last week. How did you like it?

GRACIOSA.—You will find it difficult to arrange for your debut under the circumstances. If I were you, I should secure an interview with the impresario and show him those letters. The names should carry weight.

MATER MIA.—A little mixed, are you not? In your place I should decidedly forbid any further communication. My dear lady, are you never to assert your authority? Tell her the whole story, if necessary; shock her, but shield her.

GOOD BOY, NELL.—A very hopeful, mirthful, inquisitive little lady, good-natured, self-willed and fond of fun, full of erratic impulse and inconstant as the wind. Never mind, my girl. Life is all before you. Don't expect much of a character from your fly-away lines. You have lots of vitality and try to do things well.

TON AMIE.—I remember all the pleasant things and forget all the disagreeable ones, therefore you are never for a day forgotten. At first I think I said, "Le roi est mort," but second thoughts being wiser and more true, I say, very gently indeed, "Vive le roi." Is it really unappreciated? I am always very loth to give up a friend.

KORRAL.—You are impetuous, strong in impressions, a wee bit careless and erratic; your thoughts are not consecutive, nor your judgment always reliable; your mind is bright, manner vivacious, and self-reliance sublime. Just curb your impulses a bit and your whole character will benefit. You have much originality and independence; should be a fine woman.

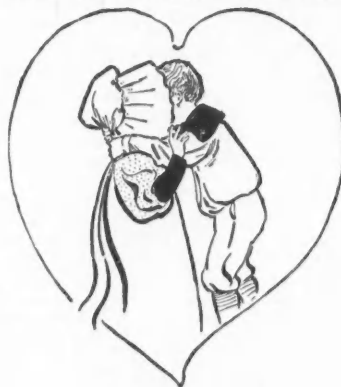
THELMA.—I haven't the least idea who the poet is. 2. Your writing shows a precise feminine and refined nature, inclined to be melancholy, or at least sentimental and pessimistic; a great deal of self-assertion, and a very sensitive mind, impulsive, conservative, and hasty in opinion and expression; taste good, and brain original and active. A woman and no mistake.

BEULAH.—Yes, girly, I ride a Cleveland, rode it today, and will spend an hour cleaning it—oh, the wretched mud. I am glad you enjoy your wheel. The woman who doesn't is quite a puzzle to me. I love Grimsby, pretty little spot, and you just send me your address. I'm coming. Your writing shows a good deal of character and snap. Not much logic, but a quick and receptive mind, prudent in speech, bright in manner, and reasonable and equable in temperament. Not a bad sort at all.

G. LORIMER.—I am in the same box; haven't the least idea what the money question was about. No one enlightened me, and now that the election is over I'm not going to delve into it. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of feeling and a happy modicum of sense; you are facile in expression, good-tempered, rather adaptable, somewhat ambitious, cheerful and very chatty. You should enjoy society and appreciate art and music; you have sympathy, light but steady purpose, some love of fun, and are a very nice creature I am sure.

MURIELA JIGGS.—An off-hand and generous nature, careless of small things and oblivious of delicate distinctions; will firm and decisive, affections rather strong and inclined to material things; truth and candor are shown. "Nice" isn't a word I should apply to this study, but if it's any gratification to you, it is nicer than your friend's. Both need a good deal of tending down before I should consider them ideal. As to what you may be famous for, I cannot prophesy. You have the power of sticking to your aim, anyway.

PEAS BLOSSOM.—You say you sent your story, received a post card acknowledging its arrival, and have heard nothing since. Are you to conclude the story is accepted? By no means. Probably it has not yet been glanced at. The verdict will reach you later. The card is always sent by some editors to prevent people worrying to know if the MS. has been safely transmitted. I can give you no sure information as to the ways of publishers, for their ways are diverse, but I can tell you they are generally a mighty decent, patient tribe. 2. Your writing shows much force, some imagination, fluency of expression, good sequence of ideas, decision, hope, a little touch of humor, adaptability, a practical nature, a tenacious mind and a high sense of honor; eminently a personality to be respected; nothing petty about you.



### Fifty Years Ago.

No theory of germs to chill Affection's budding blisses; When ardent lovers took their fill, No microbes on their kisses. How happy they were not to know The germ-fad—go years ago.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is the standard family remedy of the world for colds, coughs and lung diseases. It is not a palliative, and is not therefore put up in small cheap bottles. It is put up in large bottles for the household. They cost more but cure more. Fads come and go but no theory or fad can overthrow the fact, that the greatest cure for all colds, coughs and throat and lung diseases, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

50 Years of Cures.

## 1 OUT OF EVERY 3

Persons you meet every day, WILL DIE OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE or some trouble of the kidneys, urinary or female organs.

THIS IS STARTLING, BUT IT IS TRUE.

### WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In such a serious condition you must secure the best remedy you can find in the market AT ONCE.

There is only one absolutely sure cure for these troubles, and that is

WATERBURY'S Safe Cure

"It has stood the test of time."

Bright as a Dollar

The way with the finest fabrics when cleaned by the new French Process in use in these works—suits, laces, ball dresses, gloves, etc., return to you with a lustre and beauty that'll win your admiration. R. PARKER & Co., 787 791 Yonge Street, 'Phones 7303, 3640, 2143, 1004.



is magic for all Chaps, Cracks, Sores and Roughness of the Skin caused by wind or weather. Positively the best preparation for the skin.

Perfect Health-pills (black and white) stitution and assure perfect health. They are Nature's best assistant. Either for 50c, or both for \$1, at Drug Stores or delivered on receipt of price. CROWN MEDICINE CO., TORONTO

Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes

HAYMAN'S Balsam of Horehound FOR INFLUENZA, COUGH, COLD, ETC. Safe for Children.

"Taken dangerously ill with asthma, your Balsam gave instant relief." Hester Hubble, New Cross, S.E. "Find it invaluable for bad coughs and colds." Mrs. Eason, London Road, Sleaford. STOPS COUGH. STOPS COLIC. SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 50c. Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada: EVANS & SONS (Ltd.), Montreal and Toronto

## EPPE'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA Possesses the following Distinctive Merits: DELICACY OF FLAVOR SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPETIC NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED In Quarter-Pound Tins and Packets only Prepared by JAMES EPPE & CO., Ld. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

MONTREAL, Sept. 25th, 1896.

J. F. MATHIESON, Esq., General Manager.

The Colonial Mutual Life Association, City.

DEAR SIR,—I beg through you to convey my thanks to The Colonial Mutual Life Association for the prompt and satisfactory settlement of policy No. 472 for \$5,000, issued by your Company, under which I was the beneficiary. The straightforward and liberal manner of dealing with its policy-holders will, I have no doubt, tend to increase the popularity of The Colonial Mutual Life Association.

Yours truly, GEORGE DAVELUY.

MONTREAL, Sept. 29th, 1896.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION, 180 St. James Street, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to express my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of policy No. 194, for \$2,000 on the life of my late husband, J. B. Lepine. He was only insured in your Company for a little more than a year, and the prompt and liberal manner in which you have settled with me, entitles you to sincere thanks.

I remain, yours sincerely, M. A. DELINA SENECALE (Dame Lepine).

This prompt and satisfactory settlement, together with other satisfactory settlements, will undoubtedly bring this already popular Association a large amount of new business.

## ST. GEORGE'S HALL

Elm Street, near Yonge, Toronto. This beautiful and attractive audience chamber, seating about five hundred, is on the ground floor, and is available for Lectures, Concerts, Musical Recitals, Bazaars, Banquets, Balls, Wedding Receptions, Afternoon and Evening Social Entertainments, Sunday Services, etc. Lighting, Heating, Ventilation and Acoustic properties excellent. Convenient Refreshment and Dressing Rooms, Lavatories, Kitchen with cooking range and other accessories. A smaller room, seating about one hundred, also on the ground floor. Commodious and handsomely furnished Lodge and Meeting Rooms on the first and second floors. Rentals moderate. Apply to J. E. PELL, Secy., On the premises.





The yearly exhibition of the Art Students' League, now open at the Roberts Gallery, King street west, contains much good, progressive work, although as usual it only claims to be a "sketch" collection. The first room is devoted to work in oil, water-color and pastel; the second to black and white, for illustration. A very odd and very artistic bit—for what purpose intended is beyond us—is a copper plate bearing words and accompanying suitable design, scarcely illustration, deeply etched and slightly colored, by Mr. R. Weir Crouch. Miss Wrinch's work is striking from its boldness and vivid color; Mr. Challener's English Laborer at his noon meal (water-color) is well done; Mr. Manly has done nothing better in the same medium than several of his Dartmoor sketches, and a little view in Hampshire; Miss Hancock has a pleasing view in her Indian Road; Miss Spurr's views in Wales, while picturesque, lack the effect of direct work from nature and the out-of-door effect gained in her water-colors, of which some views on the Humber are the best. Mrs. Elliott's figure-sketches in color, as well as black-and-white work, for illustration, though not always absolutely correct in drawing, are handled with spirit and, in the case of the latter, really help to an appreciation of the matter illustrated. No doubt the best work in figure drawing is Mr. D. A. McKellar's crayon head and a number of his figure studies in water-colors. Mr. Bridgen's Hillside Blossoms, Mr. W. J. Thompson's Road to Weston, Mr. Staples' study of hens, Miss Stoodley's charming little corner of a garden with hollyhocks, Mr. Jeffries' sketches (far from his best, though) and a number of landscapes by Mr. W. W. Alexander and Mr. Blatchley are noticeable, and Mr. John Wilson has a quaint little water-color, Bargain Day, which shows some children making a purchase at a fair booth. We are taking the exhibit at its word, and are speaking of these, not as finished pictures, but as sketches and studies, though a few in selection and treatment are far more. The work in black and white is, however, quite another thing. Several specimens of Mr. Jeffries' illustrations for Amicus and Celestine are wonderfully good in conception and freedom of execution. Of the most importance here are the originals of the drawings for the Calendar for 1897, which ought to have a wide sale if things went by merit in this world. The work is away ahead of any previous year. Sometimes, though, it does seem as though illustration and quotation had quite nothing to do with each other, though one would suppose it ought to be otherwise; and the design for the six middle months, while ingenious and appropriate, is too involved in the names of the months. Mr. Bridgen's little sketch is a charming accompaniment to the lines by W. W. Campbell, and in Mr. D. F. Thompson's appropriate sketch of the boys at hockey in the frozen harbor, every stroke tells. The views of the Thousand Isles by Mr. Alexander, and of the St. Lawrence by Mr. Manly, are exceedingly good, and Mr. Holmes' moonlight view with its solitary figure is striking, though apropos of nothing in particular.

The collection of pictures now on view at the Matthews Art Gallery, Yonge street, by Mr.

#### MR. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

Appointments to visit studio and business arrangements concerning portraiture may be made through the agency of James Bain & Son, 53 King Street East.

#### J. W. L. FORSTER

Has removed his studio to 24 King Street West, Manning Arcade

#### ROBERTS' ART GALLERIES

Beautiful Pictures for Christmas  
ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING

MISS HARRISON  
China Painting, Dresden Method  
Studio, 578 Huron Street.

MISS EDITH HANNAFORD  
Teacher of CHINA PAINTING in all branches  
China Decorated to Order  
Studio, 97 Bloor St. West. Tel. 3106.

F. McGILLIVRAY KNOWLES  
Pupil of Hubert Herkomer, R.A., and Benjamin Constant, Paris. Portraiture. Studio, 144 Yonge St. Students' painting class commences Sept. 15.

MISS EDITH HEMMING... Artist  
PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES  
Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746

IVORY MINIATURES  
and Water Color Portraits  
For Wedding and Christmas presents.  
GAGEN & FRASER, Photographers, 79 King St. W.

MISS K. JUNOR  
CLASSES IN  
Portrait and Miniature Painting  
(Dresden Method)  
Holland Delft Blue, Beiseek and all branches of China Decoration.  
Studio, 383 Yonge St., cor. Gerrard, Room 27.

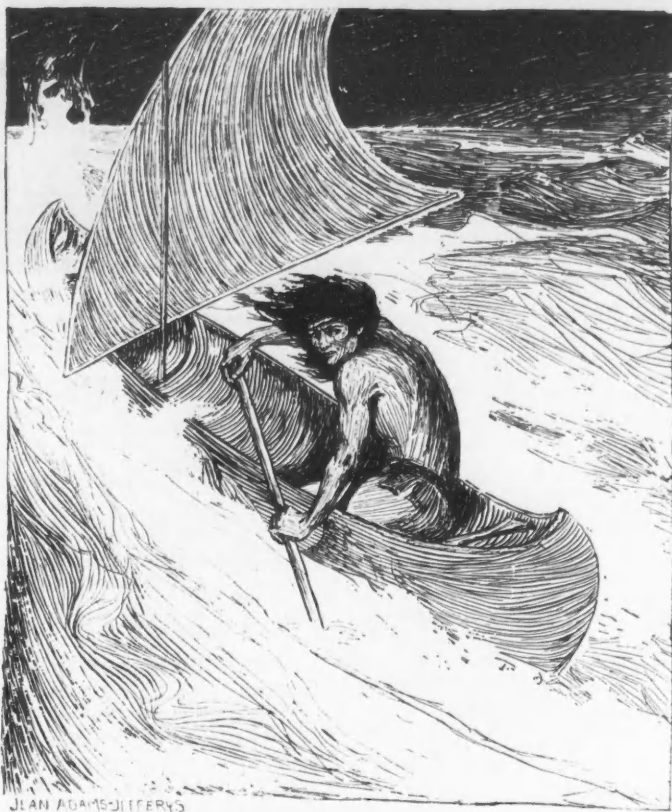
ART NEEDLEWORK  
Mrs. KENLY and Miss SMITH, 78 Gerrard Street East, pupils of the Ottawa Decorative Art Society, are forming classes for lessons in Art Needlework.  
Orders taken for stamping and embroidery in the latest New York designs.

EVERYONE  
Is now busy (or should be) preparing artistic presents for Christmas. Remember the notel place for all artistic materials and requisites.

THE ART METROPOLE  
The Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge St., Toronto

Sketching Easels  
Sketching Umbrellas  
Sketching Stools  
and every requisite for the  
Touring Artist.

The E. HARRIS CO., Ltd.  
41 King Street East - TORONTO



Through crests of the horse-tide swing,  
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow  
There was loosed the ice-rolling of spring  
From the jaws of her prow—  
Of the long red swan full swing, the long red swan full swing.  
From Ninety-Seven, Art Students' League Calendar.

L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, and Mr. F. S. Challener is both choice and varied. It is very natural to compare the flower pieces by such artists as Mr. O'Brien and Mrs. Reid, a comparison that is not "odious" because the aims are so different. Mr. O'Brien's are water-color studies of roses in which the flowers are only an excuse for a symphony or fantasia in color, one in blue-greens and the other in rich tones of yellow and crimson, with touches of the complementaries. The artist has succeeded in what he aimed at—a brilliant blur of color. Mrs. Reid's are carefully yet broadly rendered studies of the flowers, the most important being a panel of pink roses with the accessories in shades of olive greens. The bunch of white daisies carelessly grouped in the brown jar is well thrown out against the broken blue shades of background, and a novel arrangement is the yellow daisies, whose reflection in the mirror behind repeats dimly their glory. Among Mr. O'Brien's landscapes are, besides several marines referred to lately, a charming fleeting effect of shadow and sunlight, On the Road to Rosseau, in which the landscape is little, the motive everything. The foreground is in shadow, the sunshine lying in a shining strip across the field with its glowing autumn foliage and focusing its brightness on the white road which here contrasts sharply with the dark tones beyond. Nothing could bring more vividly to mind a cool day in summer than the view of Lake Simcoe, with its white-capped water, green near by, changing into deep indigo in the distance, the sunny foreground with cattle feeding and trees bent before the breeze. Montmorenci Falls (oil) from the same brush gives a fine play of color in the falling column and rising foam seen in shadow, the sunshine only above, and the still pool at one side reflecting all. The Mill Race, Old Mill on the Humber and others give nature in different moods.

Of Mr. Reid's work the most important are a number of Spanish scenes: Aqueduct of the Alhambra shows hot sunshine on the yellow walls, a tall, stiff cypress against the blue sky, and in the foreground three figures in the shadow of the walls. While feeling the truth of the whole there is a crudeness in the handling not altogether pleasing. Sunset at Burgos, the birthplace and sepulchre of the Cid, that most romantic figure in Spanish history, is a silhouette of the city against a yellow sky; and an evening view of the road leading to the same city (water-color) with the shepherd and his flock, gives only the quiet reflection in the east of the sunset. In the pillared Court of Lions in the Alhambra the artist renders the effect of sunshine on the pink-yellow walls admirably, the purple shadows being almost a relief to the eyes. There is a legend connected with the fountain supported by lions, which gives the name to the court, that it was the introduction of these forms of animal life, the work probably of Spanish prisoners but a violation of teachings of Mahomet, that led to the fall of Granada and sealed the fate of the Moors in Spain. A view of Gibraltar on a cool, showery day, Moonrise, and a number of little pastel landscapes, are also by Mr. Reid.

Mrs. Reid's work includes a studio interior, two gay little glimpses of a corner of a garden, with perhaps a trifle too much purple in wall (but who is to say how things appear to another?), and a number of Spanish views. The Wall of Segovia is a winding road outside the city, and a very picturesque subject is The Gate of the Cid (Burgos), which is charmingly treated. Mrs. Reid's style combining breadth and finish to a most satisfying degree. Mr. F. S. Chal-

lener's contribution is a barn interior, Milking Time, a good deal like one exhibited before but more carefully handled. The exhibition will remain open until the end of next week.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has sold his picture, Little Comrades, to a purchaser in London. This is one of the best known of his recent productions.

Many stories about Whistler have been told, and here is another. If I remember rightly, he became involved in a lawsuit once, in a case similar to this. The story is as follows: Miss Marion Peck, niece of Ferdinand Peck, of Chicago, two years ago began sitting for a full-length portrait to James McNeill Whistler. In all there were ninety sittings, extending over a period of two years, in London and Paris. The portrait was finished last spring, and the price, a big sum, was tendered the artist. He refused to part with the portrait, however. "What!" said he, "send this masterpiece to Chicago? No, indeed!" He has steadily refused to part with it.

Over the doors of Mr. Alma-Tadema's beautiful house are (Mr. Spielman tells in the Magazine of Art) some interesting inscriptions. In the ante-hall:

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends.  
Outside one of the bedrooms is God Keep You, and on the other side of the door a cheery Good Morning.

Considerable fun is being poked at the judges of fine arts who officiated at the fall fair in Paisley, Ont., a few weeks ago. Someone entered an oil painting of a lake as a water-color and the judges gave it first prize as the best water-color on exhibition. It is a striking commentary on the class of men who are appointed to act as judges at fall exhibitions.

Miss Junor has returned to the city from Collingwood and has left her class there in charge of one of her city pupils. The members of this class have painted one hundred and twenty pieces of china since August, and Miss Junor has forwarded a kiln for their use.

The following story is from Answers: A gentleman, accompanied by a favorite dog, visited the studio of a well known artist the other day. There was a picture on the easel, and the dog began barking furiously at it. "Nature may be relied upon after all," said the visitor. "The best evidence of the faithfulness with which you have painted that dog in the background is the earnestness with which my dog barks at it." "But that isn't a dog," said the artist, growing red in the face. "Not a dog? What is it then?" "It's a cow." The gentleman was nonplussed for a moment, but quickly replied: "Well, the dog's eyes are better than mine; he never did like cows."

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser at Georgetown.

He—I'd like to know what enjoyment you can find in going from shop to shop looking at things you haven't the least idea of buying. She—I know I can't buy them; but there is a sort of melancholy pleasure in thinking that I could have bought them if I had married George Moneyman when I had the chance, instead of taking you.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck. Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it? Mr. Spriggins (meekly)—Nothing; only the buttons must have been on.—Boston Traveller.



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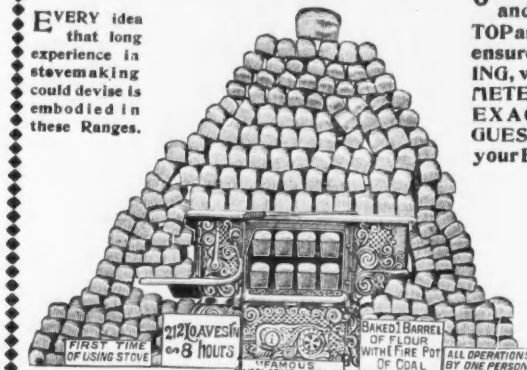
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"John!" called his wife, "are you putting the baby to sleep?" The pugilist laughed bitterly in the darkness. "I've got him against the ropes," he answered, for there was hope yet.—Detroit Tribune.



## Music.

The Toronto Chamber Music Association, of which the following are members, Hon. President Lady Gzowski, President Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Lady Thompson, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Welsh, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Street, Mrs. J. H. Plummer, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. G. Dickson, Miss Carty and Miss Gurney, is a welcome addition to the societies for the development of music in our midst, and those to whom chamber music has been an unattainable pleasure will hail with delight a permanent association whose object is to introduce the best artists, the highest form of music, and programmes, the rendering of which will be the interpretation of some of the most delightful musical poems of the great masters. The first concert will be given by the Yonck String Quartette on December 10, in the Guild Hall, when the following programme will be given, which certainly is an earnest of good things to come: Beethoven Quartette op. 95 in F minor; Raff Quartette op. 102, No. 2; Spohr Concerto No. 8 (violin); Goldmark Quintette op. 30. Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, and Madame Bernhard Walther, vocalist, will assist the club. The Goldmark Quintette is new in Toronto and is a composition of great merit, comprising the following movements: Allegro vivace, adagio, andante, quasi moderato, scherzo (moderato, con spirito, allegro vivace alla breve). The subscribers' list is at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, and the plan is open to subscribers only on Saturday and Monday, and to the general public afterward.

A pamphlet has been issued by a Chicago piano teacher in which some very mysterious and awful sentences occur. The author is describing what is declared to be something most wonderful and unheard of in piano teaching, and makes use of the following soul-stirring words:

"A crisply-leggiero effect can best be produced by energizing the muscles of the upper arm and those of the fingers, while relaxing the pronators, supinators and wrist muscles, all of the forearm. The ulnar side of the hand is naturally weaker than the radial side, yet it is just as essential a factor in playing. The melody and fundamental bass notes are most frequently played with the weakest fingers, hence the necessity of building up the ulnar region of the hand. A development of the pronator muscles in the forearm renders possible a good position of the hand for playing octaves, arpeggios, scales, chords and trills with the fourth and fifth fingers. Rolling octave playing is dependent upon a separated control of the supinator and pronator muscles from those of the fingers."

The pamphlet referred to is entitled "A New Method of Piano Playing, based upon Principle of Anatomy, Physiology, Acoustics and Psychology. Like many similar effusions, it is an appeal to the ignorance of unsuspecting music students who are often misled by bombastically worded twaddle of this order. A Chicago critic in commenting on the above says:

"One can in imagination see the author of the above giving a lesson to an ordinary pupil. 'Miss So and So, now play The Last Rose of Summer, using all your supinators but no pronators, with the ulnar side of your left hand. To be thoroughly in accord the lesson should finish like this: "Now stand on your head and with the digital extremities on the radial side of your left pedality give me the motif of Yankee Doodle."

The annual Thanksgiving concert at Central and Elm street churches attracted, as usual, very large audiences, both churches being crowded to the doors. At the Central church, Mr. Jeffers, the organist, had prepared a very attractive programme, in which the choir of the church had the assistance of Dr. Carl E. Duff of New York, the popular basso, and Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black of Boston, elocutionist. A feature of the programme was the first public performance of several of Mr. Jeffers' own compositions, one of which, For He Shall Give His Angels Charge, was received with much enthusiasm by the audience. Its interpretation by Dr. Duff was an artistic effort worthy of the reputation of that gifted singer. Miss Ida McLean, soprano soloist of the choir, scored a pronounced success in Handel's aria, So Shall the Lute and Harp. This young lady is rapidly coming to the front among local concert singers. Other members of the choir who took leading parts in the performance were: Mr. T. Bilton, Mr. Brownell, Mr. W. W. Leake, Dr. Bedford Richardson and Mr. Lauder. Mr. Jeffers played as an organ solo the Finale from Guilman's First Sonata.

At Elm street church the assisting artists were: Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, tenor; Mrs. H. M. Blight, solo organist; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone, and Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist. The popularity of these artists was proven by the size of the audience and the enthusiastic manner in which they were received upon each appearance. Encores were in great demand, and the programme throughout was listened to with much interest and pleasure. Mrs. Blight played with her accustomed brilliancy both in her solos and in several of the numbers which she accompanied. The choir of the church, under Mr. Doherty's direction, sang three selections with a good body of tone and very commendable precision. Mention should also be made of the excellent rendering of the incidental solo in Buck's anthem, The Strain Uprise, by Miss Doherty. Miss Hall, the regular organist of the church accompanied the choruses with much skill and good judgment.

A capital story of the examination room was told by Dr. Gladstone in a lecture delivered by him recently before the R.C.O. The doctor pleaded for less ambiguity in some of the questions set before candidates. Some years ago the following was propounded: "When a regiment is marching with the band playing, do the soldiers' legs all move at the same time?" One candidate—whether in a serious or a facetious mood cannot be determined—made answer by saying: "The soldiers' legs obviously cannot all move together, because the left legs move at one time and the right at another." Probably the examiner wanted to bring out that, as sound takes an appreciable time to travel, the movements of the soldiers marching in the rear would be somewhat behind the movements of those in front. But the question was certainly ambiguous. A leading author says that there is not a single page of

good English prose that, upon sufficient interest arising, might not furnish matter for a suit in Chancery, simply by reason of its defect in precision. It might be well for those who set examination papers to bear this in mind.

The University Glee Club concert, which takes place in Massey Hall on Friday, December 11, promises to be the best the students have ever given. Good rehearsals are being held at regular intervals under Mr. Robinson's direction, and the music chosen for the concert is being most carefully prepared. Besides unaccompanied part-songs and glees, some light and catchy music set to old nursery rhymes will be given. This will be the most important students' event of the year. It is claimed that no college glee club, either in Canada or the United States, gives such a first-class concert as the club of Toronto University. Considering this and the fact that no expense is being spared to make the concert a success, the "boys" confidently anticipate the liberal support of their friends and the public generally. A subscribers' list is open at Nordheimer's. Plan opens at Massey Hall on Tuesday morning next.

Gaul's sacred cantata, Ruth, was given a very effective interpretation on Tuesday evening last at West Presbyterian church, by the choir, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally. Solo parts in the cantata were taken by Mrs. A. Moir Dow, Miss Florence Macpherson, Miss Pattison and Mr. Fred W. Lee. Miss Sarah E. Dallas, Mrs. Bac, and Miss Jennie E. Williams presided respectively at the organ and piano. The choir was well up in its work and sang with vigor and refinement the melodious choruses of the cantata. A miscellaneous programme was presented preceding the rendering of the cantata, in which, besides several of the soloists already mentioned, Mrs. Farquhar and Mr. J. F. Howitt took part. The audience was large and appreciative, and the entertainment proved perhaps the most successful ever given in the church.

Appropos of the Jubilee Chorus, one is not impressed with the brilliancy of the intellect which is responsible for the name chosen for the new society. As it now stands, the name suggests in the public mind a class of work entirely foreign to an oratorio organization. Surely our many local ventures in this sphere of oratorio during the past few years have not completely exhausted every suitable name for such a society. Some may enquire, "What's in a name anyway?" but I very much fear experience will prove, unless the name be changed, that it is decidedly unwise to handicap a society with an appellation which is neither euphonious in itself nor suggestive of the dignified character of work which is the organization's specialty.

An organ recital was given in St. Philip's church on Wednesday evening of last week by Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' cathedral. Dr. Hammond's numbers included: Handel's First Concerto; Schumann's Trauerelei; Spinney's Village Harvest Home, and Hammond's Grand Festival March. These were played with excellent effect and were much enjoyed by the audience. Several anthems were sung, in which the choir of St. Philip's was assisted by a contingent from the Cathedral choir. Vocal solos were also contributed by Mr. Harold Crane and Mr. H. H. Saunders.

A banjo, mandolin and guitar concert will be given in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, December 9, by the Toronto Ideal Mandolin and Guitar Club, assisted by Mr. Horace Huron, the famous banjo entertainer, Miss Zella Silver, pianist, Mr. Eddie Pigott, Miss Florence Mabel Wright, Mr. Bert Jones, banjoist, Mr. P. W. Newton, mandolin and guitar soloist, and Madame Bernhard Walther, soprano, who will make her first Toronto appearance. From the array of talent noted above, this should be a novel and enjoyable event. The plan opens at R. S. Williams', 143 Yonge street, on Saturday, December 5.

Gilmore's Band met with a very costly railway accident at Erie, Pa., several days ago. Their baggage car was crossing a main track when a fast train from the west caught it, crushing the side and capsizing it. The valuable musical instruments belonging to the members of the band were thrown in a mass among the trunks, and several of them were badly damaged. The one that was damaged most was the valuable violoncello owned by Victor Herbert. Four other instruments whose value was from \$200 to \$300 each were so badly damaged as to be useless.

Mr. Walter G. Rogers, bandmaster of the Seventh Regiment, New York, who officiated as judge at the Hamilton band tournament in August last, has resigned his position. Mr. Rogers has occupied his present position for four years—since Bandmaster Cappa's death—and resigns because of his desire for a change. His relations with the officers have been most cordial, and he will continue to direct until a successor is chosen. It is understood that he has received offers for Sousa's band and that he will probably join that organization.

The recently organized Jubilee Chorus met for rehearsal on Tuesday evening last in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Association, Elm street. A number of new voices were admitted to membership by the conductor, Mr. Torrington, and the society begins its work with encouraging prospects of success. Randegger's cantata, Fridolin, has been taken up for study. This work was originally composed for the Birmingham festival, where it was given with great success in 1873.

The third organ recital of Mr. W. E. Fairclough's fifth series will be given this afternoon at four o'clock in All Saints' church. Mr. Fairclough's programme will embrace Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Book III, No. 10; Peters; Mendelssohn's Allegretto, from the Lobesang; Merkel's Fantasia in E minor; Saint-Saens' Communion in E major; Guilman's Finale in E flat, and other pieces, respectively by Smart and Stephens.

Miss Ethel K. Warrington, daughter and pupil of our well known concert singer and vocal instructor, Mr. Fred Warrington, has been appointed solo soprano at St. Paul's

Episcopal church, Bloor street east. Competition for this appointment was unusually keen. A very large number of applications had been sent in, including several of our most prominent local vocalists.

Mr. George Brame, the well known and successful teacher of sight singing, who has won for himself a reputation in that branch of musical tuition, has formed several classes for this season's work. Vocalists who are desirous of profiting by these classes are advised to make personal application at Mr. Brame's studio, room 5, Nordheimer's, at an early date.

Judging from the names of so many prominent in musical circles on the subscribers' list at Nordheimer's, the appearance of the great English baritone at Massey Hall a week from next Monday promises to be a great society and musical event. Everywhere Mr. Davies has yet appeared the press reports give him the highest of praise for his artistic work.

The reports circulated in the United States that Max Alvary, the eminent Wagnerian tenor, is critically ill, are said to be misleading. It is now stated that the great artist recently underwent a successful operation which resulted in the complete cure of the sufferer, who is now taking long excursions daily.

A request has been made by the management of the New York Metropolitan Opera House that all ladies occupying seats in the orchestra during the present season of grand opera will not wear hats during the performance. The example thus set in New York might profitably be followed by Toronto managers.

The first quarterly concert of the present season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will be held in Association Hall on Monday evening next, commencing at 7.45 o'clock. Tickets may be obtained at the Conservatory office.

Herr Rosenthal, the celebrated pianist, lies ill under the care of a trained nurse at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago. His doctor says he is developing typhoid fever. His manager has cancelled all his engagements for the present.

William Steinway, head of the famous piano house of Steinway & Sons, died at his residence in New York on Monday last after three weeks' illness of typhoid fever.

The Toronto Orchestral school is rehearsing diligently for the annual concert of the organization, which takes place at an early date.

The regular monthly meeting of the Clef Club was held at the Club rooms on Thursday evening last.

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Laureate Quebec Academy of Music  
Pianist and Organist  
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Experienced in preparing pupils for the Toronto University examinations in music.  
Piano pupil of Mr. H. M. Field. Address—20 Maitland St., or Toronto College of Music.

**WALTER H. ROBINSON**  
Singing Master, Conductor and Tenor Soloist.  
Gives instruction in Voice Culture.  
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Instruments repaired.  
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DEMONSTRATION LECTURE on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd at 3 p.m. Menu—Entrée, "Lobster," "Pilaf," "Supreme of Fowl," with Truffles, "Oyster Kromskies." Twelve lessons, \$3, single lesson, 30c. The Friday evening class at 8 p.m., 12 lessons, \$1. Hall and rooms for public entertainments to let.

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Dec. 5, 1896

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Evenings—8  
81, 75c, 50c, 2

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Assisted by  
MRS. W. B. B



## Christmas Saturday Night

WILL BE ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST HOLIDAY NUMBERS EVER ISSUED IN CANADA.

From the Toronto World (Thursday).

Among the many special holiday numbers placed before the public this year, the Christmas issue of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* should prove one of the most popular, and especially should this be the case as far as Canadians are concerned, for the publication is written, illustrated, edited and printed by Canadians for Canadians. The number, and a most creditable one it is from the standpoint of the artist, the *Illustrated* or the patriot, is the product of Canadian brains, and rings with the true Canadian spirit. From the artistic cover design to the last advertisement in the issue, the work is beautifully done.

The supplement consists of a copy of a realistic conception of the Battle of Queenston Heights, done in oil especially for *SATURDAY NIGHT*, by J. D. Kelly. The work represents the opposing forces of Canada and the United States, with their Indian allies, in deadly conflict upon the memorable battlefield. The central figure of the group in the foreground is Sir Isaac Brock, fallen, and with his dying breath urging his men on to victory. The picture will stir the heart of a Canadian or a Britisher, and to those who have climbed Queenston Heights or seen Brock's monument it should prove especially inspiring. A graphic story of the battle from the pen of Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison is a fitting accompaniment to the artist's effort.

Other notable features of the number are: His Discovery of Himself, a characteristic sketch by E. E. Sheppard (Don), with illustrations by D. A. McKellar; The Failure of a Success, by Mack; The Burial of Tecumseh, a poem by W. T. Allison; The Postmen of the North, a full-page illustration of a Hudson Bay Company's dog mail train, by A. H. H. Heming; The Amber Drop, a charming love story by the Marquis of Lorne, illustrated by Arthur J. Goodman; Before Parisian Footlights, by Annie McQueen, with illustrations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A., and others. A number of other stories,

sketches, poems and full-page illustrations complete the list of good things.

*TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* will make a charming Christmas gift, particularly for Canadians who are abroad, and it should help to give people in other lands an idea of what Canada is and what Canadians can do.

## A Veritable Fairland.

As the Xmas season approaches, all sorts of presents are being sought for the children. Any person looking for suggestions in toys, games and novelties should not miss seeing the magnificent Xmas toy-opening of the Harold A. Wilson Company, 35 King street west. The unique display of mechanical novelties, dolls and toys, has no equal in Canada, and we very much doubt if any toy store in America can approach it for variety and novelty. The display of dolls is simply wonderful, over two thousand varieties, ranging in price from 1c. to \$35 each. Every lady and child in Toronto should see the great show. Hundreds of mechanical toys that have never been seen before in America will be displayed, and a couple of hours can easily be spent feasting the eyes on the pretty wares. The Wilson Company staff will take great pleasure in showing the wonderful mechanical effects to all.

## Grand Opera Next Week.

Director Grau of New York opera fame is reported as having a splendid grand English opera organization called the Metropolitan Grand English Opera, which will be heard for the first time here at the Grand next Monday night.

The list of operas announced is varied and attractive, affording a change of opera at every performance of the coming week. The artists are all of recognized ability, and the complete chorus and orchestra is also from New York. Mr. Grau is too experienced an impresario to bring inferior talent to Toronto, and there is little doubt but that this company will be fashionably indorsed here, as is indicated by the advance requests for seats, although the box office does not begin selling until this morning. The list of operas is: *Il Trovatore*, next Monday; *Martha*, Tuesday; *Cavalleria Rusticana* and third act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, on Wednesday; *Faust*, on Thursday; *Carmen*, Friday; *Bohemian Girl*, Saturday matinee and *Rigoletto* at night.

"Can you lend me ten dollars?" asked the two-headed girl of the fat lady. "Guess I can," said the fat lady; "but you don't mean to tell

me you have spent all your salary already?" "I didn't mean to," replied the two-headed girl, almost in tears, "but there was such a lovely vase put up at auction, and I got to bidding against myself before I thought."

"There's lots o' min," said Mr. Rafferty, "thot attracts a gred deal av attention widd-out much thot's substantial to show fur it."

"Thru fur yez," replied Mr. Dolan; "the lightest man runs up the ladder fastest. But it do be the wan that brings a hod o' bricks wid'im thot raly counts."

Scadds—So Prince Pacyunski says he's the heir apparent. How does that happen, when he's the younger son? Miss Scadds—Oh! he explained that. His brother is the heir presumptive.—Puck.

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NEXT TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

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THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE

BARGAIN MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY

ENTIRE BALCONY 15c. ENTIRE LOWER FLOOR 25c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK

H. GRAU

DIRECTOR

Metropolitan Grand English Opera Company

Georgine Von Januschowsky

Prima Donna from the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

And the following distinguished artists: Nina Barini Humphreys, Sophia Romani, May Helen Howe, Payne Clarke, William Mertens, Edwin Knight, H. M. Dodd, Lizzie Macnichol, Emmy Miron, Minnie Fortis, A. Montecristo, Ricardo Ricci, S. H. Dudley and Edward Elkas.

ADOLPH NEUNDORFF Musical Director

New York Chorus and Orchestra

Monday ... *Il Trovatore*

Tuesday ... *Martha*

Wednesday ... *Cavalleria Rusticana*

Thursday ... *3rd Act Lucia di Lammermoor*

Friday ... *Faust*

Saturday Matinee ... *Bohemian Girl*

Saturday Evening ... *Rigoletto*

Evenings—\$1.50, \$1.25, 50c, 25c. Matinee—\$1.25, 50c, 25c

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

YUNCK String Quartette

(Detroit Philharmonic Club)

GUILD HALL, MCGILL STREET Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8 o'clock

Plan open to subscribers only Saturday and Monday, December 5 and 7, 10 a.m., at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, and to the public on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Varsity Glee Club

Concert

Friday Evening MASSEY HALL 8 P.M.

Reserved Seats Tickets 25c. and 50c. Plan opens Massey Hall December 8. Tickets on sale at Nordheimer's and Whaley, Royce & Co's.

A GRAND CONCERT

WILL BE HELD IN THE

WEST END Y. M. C. A. HALL

Cor. Queen St. and Dovercourt Road

On Tuesday Evening, December 8, 1896

MR. HARRY M. BENNETT

... HUMORIST ...

Assisted by the following well-known artists:

MRS. W. BENTLEY HALL, Soprano

MISS BERTHA SARGANT, Elocutionist

MIL. F. X. MERCIER, Tenor

MASTER EDDIE COOK, Boy Soprano

MR. MARTIN CLEWORTH, Entertainer

MIL. GEO. R. JOSEPH, Eccentric Soloist

MR. JOSEPH YOUNGHEART, Magician

MR. JAMES FAX, Comic

MR. CHAS. RICHARDS, Banjo and Mandolin

MISS T. MCGRAW, Accompanist

Admission 25c. Children 15c.

Seats can be reserved, free of charge, by presenting tickets at the Hall. Plan now open.

Door open at 7.30. Concert at 8 o'clock sharp.

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For Xmas ... and WREATHING

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\$150 FREE! FREE! IN TO GOLD WOMEN

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in *INDUSTRIOUS*? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: In, into, industrious, no, not out, nuts, dust, dusts, us, sit, sits, etc. Use these words in your list. The publisher of *WOMAN'S WORLD* and *JENNIES MILLER MONTHLY* will pay \$20.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word *INDUSTRIOUS*; \$12.00 for the second largest; \$10.00 for the third; \$8.00 for the fourth; \$5.00 for the fifth; \$3.00 for the sixth; and \$2.00 each for the twenty-five next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a 20-page book, *Doris's Fortune*, by Florence Warden, a love story of intense interest. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than Jan. 20. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in February issue, published in January. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address JAMES H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 906 Temple Court Building, New York City.

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Near King Street



First Transient—If you had got to go into business what line would you choose? Second Ditto—If you open an employment agency, it would be so nice to be getting other people work without having any temptation to do any yourself.—*Boston Transcript.*

### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
CROTTIE—Nov. 26, Mrs. J. J. Crotte—a daughter.  
MARTIN—Nov. 25, Mrs. A. E. Curren—a daughter.  
DAVILL—Nov. 24, Mrs. H. L. Daville—a son.  
BERKINSHAW—Nov. 23, Mrs. R. J. Berkinshaw—a son.  
HUNT—Nov. 23, Mrs. V. P. Hunt—a daughter.  
BURNHAM—Nov. 22, Mrs. G. H. Burnham—a son.  
HOUSTON—Dec. 1, Mrs. Wm. R. Houston—a son.  
SAMPSON—Nov. 28, Mrs. W. T. Sampson—a son.  
KENNEDY—Nov. 25, Mrs. E. L. Kennedy—a daughter.  
LIGHTBOURN—Nov. 27, Mrs. Edmund Lightbourn—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
WILLIAMS—MEADE—On Thursday, Nov. 26, 1896, at Washington, D.C., W. J. Williams, formerly of Toronto and now of Los Angeles, Cal., attorney-at-law, to Gerrie, daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Meade of Washington, D.C.  
GRANT—WALKER—Nov. 26, W. J. Grant to Eleanor Walker.  
CALVERT—MORRISON—Dec. 1, Charles Exley Calvert to Elizabeth Morrison.  
PATERSON—LAZIER—Dec. 2, W. W. Paterson to Mabel Neil Lazier.  
MUTRIE—ALLEN—Dec. 2, John Mutrie to Margaret Allen.  
SMITH—JONES—Bristol, Eng., Nov. 2, F. J. D. Smith to Sarah Jones.  
MELVILLE—TOD—Lahore, India, Nov. 3, Surgeon-Captain Henry Bruce Melville to Jean Russell Tod.  
ROBB—SEITZ—Congo, Africa, Oct. 5, Alfred P. Robb to Christine Seitz.  
HALSTED—PALMER—Oct. 7, Dr. T. H. Halsted to Charlotte C. Palmer.  
KIRKWOOD—PORTER—Nov. 26, John C. Kirkwood to Lottie V. Porter.

**Deaths.**  
McLEAN—Calgary, Nov. 28, Registrar T. A. McLean.  
PENNINGTON—Nov. 27, Myles Pennington, aged 82.  
COULSON—Nov. 25, Harry W. Coulson, aged 28.  
DIXON—Nov. 27, Wm. T. Dixon, aged 40.  
BROWN—Nov. 27, Garrett Brown, aged 78.  
HOGG—Nov. 28, Isabella Hogg, aged 62.  
WIDFIELD—Nov. 28, Angelina Widdfield, aged 75.  
DUNNING—Nov. 29, C. H. Dunning, aged 65.  
MAGUIRE—Nov. 28, David McGuire, aged 70.  
McDONALD—Nov. 28, Carrie McDonald, aged 47.  
BERKINSHAW—Nov. 26, Edwin G. Berkinshaw, an infant.  
SKINNER—Nov. 30, James Skinner, aged 77.  
STANTON—Nov. 30, Charles F. Stanton, aged 51.

## Useful Xmas Gifts

What is more sensible for a present than a handsome fur-lined cape for mother, or a pretty tailor jacket for sister or sweetheart? Tailor-made furs, in Persian Lamb, Seal or Electric Seal, is the latest fad both in Paris and New York. The only place in the city to get a perfect-fitting tailor-made fur garment is at

**R. WOLFE**  
107 Yonge Street

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In Pattern Hats and Bonnets, as goods must be sold, regardless of cost. Handsome Capes of Seal and Chinchilla, Seal and Persian Lamb, in all the latest novelties. Furs re-modelled at moderate prices. No bankrupt stock; all fresh goods imported for this season's trade of the most reliable houses in Europe. All work guaranteed. Money refunded after three months if goods prove otherwise. Handsome opera capes from \$12 up, fur trimmed. All goods reduced.

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Has been on sale in Canada for one year. It is now as fully appreciated as it has been in England and United States for the past fourteen years.  
**IT HAS NO EQUAL**  
Price List on application.  
Every requisite for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.  
"ep 4"—68 King St. West, Toronto

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Everyone prefers a high-grade Piano to a poor one, but many are deterred from even inquiring about our instruments from a fear that our prices may be too high or our terms too stringent. Let us say to all who wish a really good Piano at a moderate price on easy terms, that they will do well to correspond with us. We do not pretend to compete on these points with makers of poor or worthless Pianos, but, QUALITY CONSIDERED, our prices are really low, and we try to permit no one to go past us feeling that satisfaction cannot be given on the question of terms.

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## THE NATURAL DIGESTIVE DUNN'S MALTED LEAVEN

The only raising agent that renders the starchy matter in flour digestible and retains the whole nutriment of the gluten. Thus the most delicious, digestible Hot Biscuits, Pastries, &c., are obtained. No baking powder required. For sale by Michie & Co. and all first-class grocers.  
Sold in 1 lb. Tins, 35c., or Flour Mixed with it Ready for Use 25c. per Bag.

## Where It's Too Hot

Folks are stupid. Clear heads and a perennial scorching don't go together. The brightest workers—the most comfortable mortals live twixt the tropics. By the same token, as our Irish friends say, a house that's HEATED with Safford Radiators will have the brightest, happiest, healthiest inmates. A stove is unbearable. A hot air furnace sends up dry, health-injuring heat.

## SAFFORD Patent Radiators



Form the best method for distributing the best kind of heat—

**Hot Water and Steam**

They are economical—easily regulated—plain or ornamental—in a multitude of styles.

When you build or remodel your heating apparatus select the...

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Full particulars from...

**The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'G CO., Ltd.**  
TORONTO, Ont.  
The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

**\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH**

As Follows:  
10 First Prizes, \$100 Stearns' Bicycle, . . . \$1,000  
25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch . . . 625  
Bicycles and Watches given each month . . . 1,625

Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

**HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.**  
Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

**NAME OF DISTRICT**  
1 Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe & all Counties W. and N. of these.  
2 East's Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Muskoka & all Counties E. & N. of these.  
3 Province of Quebec  
4 Province of New Brunswick  
5 Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.  
Syracuse, N.Y., & Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers and has complete attachments.

**SEND THIS TOP PORTION**

**RULES.**  
1. Every month during 1897, in each of the 5 districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:  
The 2 competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle, value \$100.  
The 5 competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch, value \$25.  
2. The competitions will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.  
3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.  
4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.  
5. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.  
LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 Scott St., Toronto

## We Have

Just received and are now showing the very latest novelties in...

## Renaissance Lace Curtains with Sash Curtains

to match. Also a superb collection of White Brussels and Tambour Curtains from \$3.25 to \$55.00 per pair. "Better values than we have ever shown before." Lovers of fine lace work (whether they intend purchasing or not) will find it a pleasure to inspect these goods.

**John Kay, Son & Co** 34 King St. West TORONTO

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OF THE NEWEST AND BEST IN STYLES AND DESIGNS



### LADIES' Combination Pocket Books

Real Seal Alligator Lizard Mexican Carved Grain Calf Seal Grain Russia  
Ecrase Morocco  
PRICES 50c. to \$5.00  
Mountings of Unique Finish in Gold on Sterling, Antique, and Bright Silver.

### GENTLEMEN'S

Letter Cases, Card Cases  
IN ALL THE NEWEST LEATHERS  
Prices ranging from 25c. to \$5

### Ticket Cases

Especially suitable for inexpensive though tasty gifts, mounted with Sterling Silver.  
Costing from 20c. to 75c.

### Leather Photo Frames

For one or two pictures, in Real Seal (colored), Ecrase Morocco.  
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